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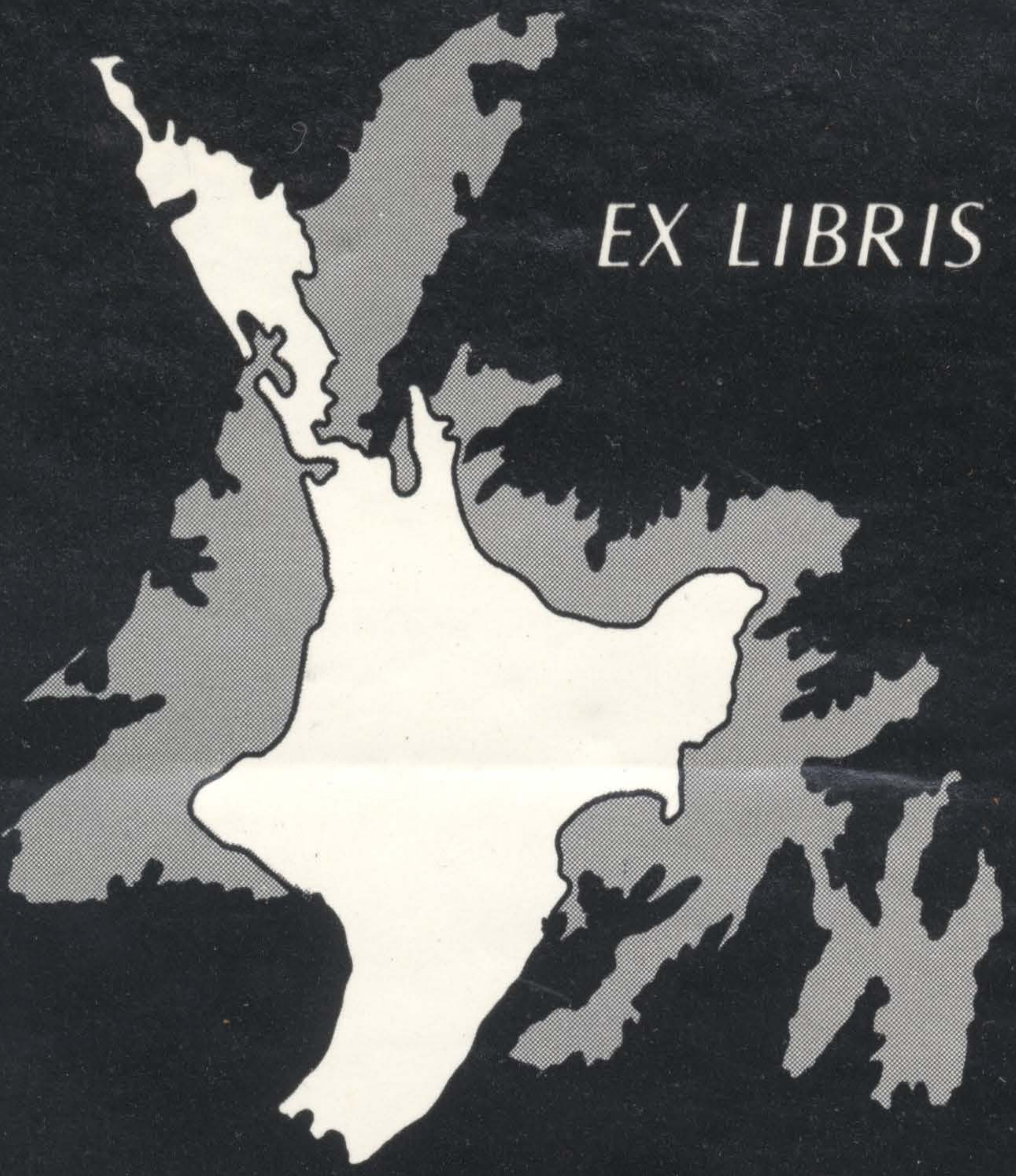

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AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
WORK OF GOD,
IN
Newfoundland, North-America,

In a Series of LETTERS,
To which are prefixed a few
CHOICE EXPERIENCES;
Some of which were taken from the Lips of Perſons,
who died triumphantly in the FAITH.

O come hither, and hearken, all ye that fear God; and
I will tell you what he hath done for my Soul.

To which are added, ſome excellent Sentiments,
extracted from the Writings of an eminent Divine.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable
THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON,

By the Rev. *L. COUGHLAN*,

Late Miſſionary to the Society for propagating the
Goſpel in Foreign Parts, at *Harbour-Grace*, and
Carbonear, in *Conception Bay*, *Newfoundland*, and
now Miniſter of *Cumberland-Street Chapel*, *London.*

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Cree-Church-Lane, *Leadenhall-Street*; and Sold at
Cumberland-Street Chapel. 1776.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

COUNTESS of HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

MY having had the Honour of being acquainted with your Ladyſhip ſome Time, and knowing the great Zeal that you are poſſeſſed of for the Glory of the Lord Jeſus, and the Salvation of immortal and never-dying Souls, was one Motive that excited me to put the following Accounts under your Ladyſhip's Patronage. I was further encouraged by your Ladyſhip, as you, in a way of Providence, ſaw one of the Accounts, which met with your Ladyſhip's Approbation, and which you deſired I would commit to the World, to ſhew the Dealings of God with precious Souls. I now, my Lady, hope that this little Drop from the Rock, which was gathered in foreign Parts, will, by the Grace of God, have a Tendency to promote his Glory, and prove a Means of ſtirring up the dear Children of God, and weaning them more and more from the Things of Time and Senſe, which periſh in the uſing. This, my Lady, is the View which I have in publiſhing theſe little Fragments, which I picked up in *Newfoundland*: They are the artleſs Language of precious Souls, whom I attended in their laſt Moments: May our dear Lord bleſs the ſame to all thoſe to whom they may come; and may they leave a laſting Impreſſion on every Mind; that Men may not only read how Chriſtians die, but may live the Life of the Righteous, that they may die the Death of the Righteous.

I am, MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

And very humble Servant.

L. C.

PREFACE.

TO THE

CHRISTIAN READER.

THERE is nothing more pleaſant and comfortable, more animating and enlivening, more raviſhing and Soul-contenting, to a true Chriſtian, than the frequent reading the Experiences of dying Saints; this diſcovers the Communion and Oneneſs that ſubſiſts between the Head and Members; Chriſt Jeſus being the whole of Man's Happineſs; the Sun, which gives him Light in Darkneſs; the Phyſician, who heals his Soul's Sickneſs; the Wall of Fire, which defends him in all the Aſſaults of his Enemies; the Friend, who comforts him in Heavineſs; the Ark, which ſupports him in the Deluge of all his Diſeaſes; the Rock, which ſuſtains him under the heavieſt Preſſure; the Enjoyment, which ſolaceth him in the deepeſt Sorrows; while the Want of Chriſt diſtracteth Souls in the greateſt worldly Abundance. Chriſt is the Pillar, which protects and leads his dear Children:

He is the Heavenly Manna, which feeds the Lord's People; he is the brazen Serpent, which cures them of the ſinful Venom, which the fiery Serpent hath infuſed into them: For Chriſt is the All in All, in whom Mercy is ſeated, and through whom, it is revealed and communicated to all that thirſt after it.

Nothing can make that Man miſerable, who hath Chriſt for his Portion; Chriſt being the only Well that is able to refreſh and fill us, when all our Veſſels, like Hagar's*, prove empty Bottles. Chriſt is the only Conductor, who is able to lead his People through this Wilderneſs, and Red Sea of manifold Adverſities; the only Companion to comfort us, when God calls us to paſs through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. From hence it appears, that having Chriſt, we are ſecure; but, without Chriſt, all other Enjoyments are worth Nothing. Stand not therefore upon the Coſt, whether Pains, or Tears, or Prayers, Peace or Wealth, Goods or Name, Life or Liberty; ſell all for this Pearl: Chriſt is of that Worth and Uſe, that thou canſt never overbuy him, though thou giveſt thyſelf, and all the World for him. The making ſure of Chriſt is the Aſſurance of all the reſt.*

Be conſtant in the Knowledge of Faith, Love, Fear, and Profeſſion of Chriſt. Be not, in the Matter of God's Worſhip and thy Salvation, like a Reed ſhaken with the Wind. Be not carried to and fro with every Wind of Doctrine, *like a Ship without a Rudder. Be not toſſed up and down with every Guſt and Wave of Affliction. Take not thy leave of Chriſt, as* Orpha *did of* Naomi, *for any Diſtreſs that may befal the Church, or the Cauſe of Chriſt; do not leave the Sun for a Glow-Worm, the Favour of God for the Love of Men; do not change the Ark for the World, the Wheat for Chaff.*

It was the Saying of Conſtantine the Great, “*He that will be falſe to God will never be true* “*to Man for Conſcience Sake.*” *He that breaketh Faith with God is not worthy of the leaſt Credit with Men. Take heed then, let not Thoughts within thee ariſe of departing from the living God; but preſs forward, draw nearer and nearer to God. Break through all the Armies of Oppoſition and Diſcouragement, which do or ſhall encounter thee; as* David's *Worthies, break through the Armies of the* Philiſtines, *and come to the Wells of* Bethel. *Grow in Knowledge,* as the Light ſhining more and more unto the perfect Day. *Grow in Faith, as the Trees in Root; increaſe in Love, as the Fire in Heat, having much Wood; be not terrified with any Combinations; be not diſheartened with any Loſſes; revolt not for Fear of any Suffering; there is enough in Chriſt to make a ſuperabundant Recompenſe; in him, thou haſt an Iron Pillar, when all thy withered Reeds are broken; a Wall of Fire, when all the Re-*

fuges and Hiding-Places of Chaff and Stubble are ſcattered, like the Duſt before the Wind: In him thou haſt a glorious Sun, when all the blazing Stars of thy worldly Comforts are extinguiſhed, and come to nought; a Bridegroom, the Chiefeſt among Ten Thouſand, *when all thy Friends, according to the Fleſh, are put to perpetual Silence in the Grave. O then ſuffer thyſelf now to be guided by Chriſt; proſtrate thyſelf under the Feet of Chriſt; be with Chriſt; repoſe thyſelf upon him; increaſe thy Intereſt in Chriſt; live wholly to Chriſt; and be ready to ſuffer and die for Chriſt; that thou mayeſt for ever triumph with Chriſt; ſo prayeth the moſt unworthy of them who ſerve the Lord Chriſt.*

L. C.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
WORK OF GOD,
IN
NEWFOUNDLAND.

THIS Work began in a very remarkable Manner; not common, as in *England*, *Scotland*, or *Ireland*. We find the Revival of Religion in *England* (which has been carried on for above Thirty Years) began ſoon after the Goſpel came to the Parts where it had been preached, but this differs ſomewhat; for the Goſpel was preached in *Newfoundland* near three Years before there was the leaſt Appearance of any Awakening.

This was very diſcouraging to me, inſomuch that I often concluded, that God had never called me to that Place. This kept me exceeding low; at laſt, I was determined, that I would not ſtay in ſuch a poor deſolate Land, and ſpend my Strength for nought.

I had many ups and downs: —None can tell the Affliction which a Miniſter of Jeſus Chriſt feels, when he has the Care of a Pariſh, and very little Fruit of his Labour; this is like hewing of Wood, or drawing of Water. Thoſe who are called Miniſters, but are not ſent of God, *Gallio* like, *care for none of theſe Things*; if they have their Salary, and their Income anſwers their Expectation, all is well with them; they deſire no further Proof of their being ſent of God; but this will not content a true Evangelical Miniſter, notwithſtanding that he wants not Food and Raiment, and *the Labourer is worthy of his Hire*; all which is reaſonable, ſeeing it is written, *Thou ſhalt not muzzle the Ox that treadeth out the Corn.* A true Miniſter looks for a more glorious Fruit of his Labour, and Proof that God has called him to preach his everlaſting Goſpel. He looks for a Reformation of Manners; ſuch as *the Wicked to forſake his Ways, and the Unrighteous Man his Thoughts.* And as the Underſtanding is firſt informed, it then follows for the Life and Manners to be reformed. This was, in ſome Meaſure, the Caſe in *Newfoundland*, though not in general, for ſome would not be perſuaded to part with their beloved Luſts. *Behold, ye Deſpiſers, and wonder, and periſh: I work a Work in your Days, which you ſhall in no wiſe believe, though a Man declare it unto you.*

The Way in which this Work began was very remarkable. In the Courſe of the Winter, I went from Houſe to Houſe, and read a Portion of God's Word, and expounded the ſame: This I continued to do about four Times a Week, for near three Years, before I perceived the leaſt Fruit of my Labour; but at length God was pleaſed to bleſs my Endeavours in a very wonderful Manner: For now many *were pricked to the Heart, and cried out, What muſt I do to be ſaved?* Some prayed aloud in the Congregation; others praiſed aloud, and declared what God had done for their Souls: Nor was this only at their private Meetings, now and then, but alſo in the great Congregations. The Word was now *like Fire, or like a Hammer, that breaketh the Rock to Pieces.* Now the Word was indeed *quick and powerful, ſharper than a two-edged Sword; dividing between Soul and Spirit, Joint and Marrow; and was a Diſcerner of the Thoughts and Intents of the Heart.* Now the Devil began to roar;

hitherto he had kept *his Palace, and his Goods were in Peace:* *Jeſus*, who is the Stronger, *came and ſpoiled his Goods, and took away his Armour wherein he truſted*; ſo that he was a conquered Foe.

Now to be revenged, Satan ſets to work from another Quarter, which was to work *in the Hearts of the Children of Diſobedience.* The Gentlemen and Magiſtrates began to threaten what they would do; accordingly they drew up a Petition, ſigned by twelve Merchants, and Gentlemen, ſo called, wherein they ſet me forth black enough to the Governor, and begged that he would either ſilence, or turn me out of the Land. After this, I was called before a Court of Judicature, where they laid Things to my Charge which I knew not: Some of my Friends were aſhamed, and others intimidated; but the Everlaſting Friend of Sinners appeared for me, and all my Enemies were found Liars. *They that truſt in the Lord ſhall never be confounded.*

Another Inſtance of the great Care which the Shepherd of *Iſrael* has over his Sheep, thus appears:—Thoſe Enemies, finding they could not prevail to ſtop my Mouth, or turn me out of the Land, laid a Scheme (it ſeems) to get the Doctor to give me a Doſe, which would put an End to my Exiſtence; but this was diſcovered by the

Doctor, who deſired that I would be upon my guard. *No Weapon that is formed againſt thee ſhall proſper. The Lord God is a Sun and Shield, and will give Grace and Glory.* All this while, God was doing great Things for his People.—It is no Wonder, when the Kingdom of the Wicked One is ſhaken, that he ſhould raiſe up his Children to diſturb the Peace of God's People.

For three Years I laboured Night and Day, from Houſe to Houſe; but I could not perceive any Appearance of Conviction, or Converſion, take place throughout the Pariſh; during which Time, we had no outward Perſecution; but at length a glorious Work broke out.—The Joys of the Children of God on one hand, and Cries of broken-hearted Sinners on the other, were very alarming.—I then began to be aſhamed of my Littleneſs of Faith; for it was but a few Weeks before this Out-pouring of the Spirit, that I concluded, that God had never ſent me to that People; and therefore I had ſettled my Affairs, in order to return to *England*; but ſeeing *the Arm of the Lord revealed*, it ſilenced all my Fears, and conſtrained me to cry out, *This is the Lord's Doing*, and may he have all the Glory. *It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth Mercy.* My poor Heart often cried out, the Power will come in ſuch a Time, and under ſuch a Sermon; but the Voice of God is not in our Way or Time, but when he will, and by whom, and in what Manner he pleaſes.

Now, as a new and powerful Work appeared, the Devil began with new Temptations;—before, my Fears were, that there was no Good done; now the Enemy came in, with, perhaps this will not ſtand, or why could there not be a Work of God carried on without ſuch a Noiſe, both in private Houſes and in the great Congregations? (although with regard to crying out I never encouraged it, nor dare I ſpeak directly againſt it;) but ſo it was, that, under almoſt every Sermon and Exhortation, ſome were cut to the Heart, and others rejoiced in loud Songs of Praiſes. Here I was at a ſtand, and did not know what to do; that the mighty Power of God came down was very manifeſt, but my great Fear was, that the Devil would ſtrive to mingle therewith ſome falſe Fire, and impoſe upon ſome, in order *to bring an evil Report upon the good Land*: But in this, God took care of his own Work, which was ſweetly carried on every Week. *God was daily adding Numbers to the Church, ſuch as ſhould be eternally ſaved.*

For a Proof of this, the Reader may ſee the various Accounts which I have received from ſeveral Perſons; ſome of whom are living Witneſſes of this glorious Truth: Their Language is artleſs and ſimple, without the leaſt human Embelliſhment, but as they experienced the Workings of the Spirit of God; nor is it to be wondered, that ſo much Simplicity ſhould be ſeen in the following Accounts, ſeeing that, in this Part of *Newfoundland*, they never had a Miniſter, till the Providence of God ſent me there: Many of them declared, that at firſt they came not to hear me, but to ſee me, whether I was like another Man: As to the Goſpel, they had not the leaſt Notion of it: Drinking, and Dancing, and Gaming, they were acquainted with; theſe, they were taught by the *Europeans*, who came annually to fiſh: Accordingly, this Remark they made to me,—That whereas the *Europeans* did ſuch Things, they thought it no Harm.—But here I might uſe the Language of Scripture, with a little Deviation, and ſay of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, *had the mighty Works, which were done in thee, been done in Newfoundland, they would, before now, have been burning and ſhining Lights.*

This Work was carried on with great Succeſs; and all that the Children of Darkneſs could do againſt it availed little. The Enemy now began to work from another Quarter, in the following Manner: One Merchant was ſent in the Name of many, or as a Repreſentative of the Body, to me, with this Meſſage, That if I did not change my Way of Preaching, they would withdraw their Subſcriptions; but this Gentleman ſaid, he would not, notwithſtanding he knew the others would, for that they ſaid my Way of preaching was Madneſs. I told him, that on the next *Sunday* I would prove I was not *mad*. Accordingly, on next Lord's Day Morning, I preached from *Acts* xxvi. 25. *I am not mad.* From which Words, I firſt ſhewed, who they were that might be properly ſaid to be *mad*, namely, Drunkards, Swearers, *&c.* were *mad*; and, in the next place, I ſhewed, that thoſe who were *turned from Darkneſs to Light*, *and feared God*, *and worked Righteouſneſs*, could not, with any Propriety, be conſidered as *mad*. – From this Time, many of the Gentry withdrew their Subſcriptions, and as they could not ſtop me from preaching, they were determined to ſtarve me; but this alſo proved abortive; and I could reſt upon the Words of my dear Maſter, *Thy Bread ſhall be given thee, and thy Water ſhall be ſure; they that truſt in the Lord ſhall lack no Manner of Thing that is good*; — and I found, this Truth was alſo fulfilled, *Godlineſs is profitable to all Things, having the Promiſe of this Life, and of that which is to come*: This was the Caſe with many of the Natives, for, before they received the Goſpel, they ſpent much of their Time in Rioting and Drunkenneſs; but when the Word took place in their Hearts, many of them not only got out of Debt, but alſo had to ſpare.

Here I would remark, how groundleſs is that Report, that thoſe People who grow religious grow poor, or turn Beggars. In the beſt Senſe of the Word, they are made poor, not as to outward Things, for if they have but little they have Content: *Godlineſs with Contentment is great Gain*; ſo that, if the Children of God are poor, they *have Bread to eat which the World knoweth nothing of.* Indeed they are all Beggars at the Throne of Grace; and in this they glory, that they have an hearty Welcome to come, and that, *without Money, and without Price. They aſk and have; they ſeek and find: God is faithful to his Promiſe: They that wait upon him ſhall renew their Strength.*

But to return, to give my Reader a particular Account of the above Work going on:—As Religion is an Offence the World will never forgive, a Report ſoon ſpread over the *Bay*, and great Part of the Land, that the People at *Harbour-Grace* and *Carbonear* were going mad; this was taken for granted; but out of this ſeeming Evil, God brought forth Good: *All Things work together for Good, to them that love God, to them that are the Called according to his Purpoſe.*—The Report of the Madneſs brought many from various Quarters to hear for themſelves, and when they heard, many of them were like the *Bereans*, *they ſearched the Scriptures*, and found what they heard to be agreeable thereto.—Some came fifteen, ſome twenty Miles, to hear the Word: I have known ſome come, with their dear Infants in their Arms, over Mountains of Snow, at the Hazard of their Lives; *ſo mightily did the Word of God prevail.*

I now had Invitations from various Quarters, which I attended to, when the Weather permitted, as a great Part of our travelling was by Water, in little Skiffs, not much larger than the ſmall Boats upon the River *Thames*, in *London*. The Power of God attended the Word wherever I came: I could clearly ſee, it was *the Day of God's Power.*

But as my Conſolations now abounded, ſo did alſo my Sufferings; I had ſuch dreadful Apprehenſions of the Sea, when going in ſuch very ſmall Boats, that my Life was one continued Martyrdom: I had little Reſt Day or Night.—The Work ſpread more and more; where Sabbath-breaking, Playing, and many other Vices had before abounded, the Employment was now Prayer, and ſinging of Hymns. At this Time, my Health was greatly impaired; hard Labour, and in general ſalt Proviſions, were what Fleſh and Blood could not put up with; yet God gave Strength proportionable to my Day.

The Winters in *Newfoundland* are very ſevere, there being great Falls of Snow, and hard Froſt; the Houſes there are moſtly very diſagreeable to thoſe who are not uſed to them; in general, they are all Wood; the Walls, ſo called, are Studs put into the Ground cloſe together, and between each, they ſtop Moſs, as they call it, to keep out the Snow; this they cover with Bark of Trees, and put great Clods over that; ſome are covered with Boards: In ſuch Houſes I have been, and in the Morning my Bedſide has had a beautiful white

Covering of Snow; my Shoes have been ſo hard frozen, that I could not well put them on, till brought to the Fire: But under all this, I was ſupported, ſeeing a glorious Work going on.

Now, as *God opened the blind Eyes*, the People in remote Parts, where I came, ſaw the Need of forming themſelves together, in order to read the Word of God, and to ſpend ſome Time in Singing and Prayer, agreeable to the Scriptures: *They that feared the Lord ſpake often one to another.*

The *Bay* being very extenſive, one Church would not do; ſo that we ſoon had three Churches.—A Proof of the great Zeal, which filled thoſe dear Souls in one Part of the *Bay*, called *Black-Head*, upon the *North Shore*, was this:—They propoſed to me, to point out a Place where I would chooſe to build a Church, which was agreed upon; accordingly all Hands went into the Wood, and cut down as much of it as they wanted, which they hauled out upon what they call Slides. When they had the Timber upon the Place, they ſent for me, and I went, thinking there was not one Stick hewn; however they had made great Progreſs in the Work; the People there in general are good Hatchet Men; (there are very few Carpenters in *Europe*,

Europe, who are able to hew a Piece of Timber with thoſe in *Newfoundland*, this they take up naturally;) they are People of a very bright Genius: I have known a Man, who could not read a Letter in a Book, go into the Wood, and cut down Timber, bring the ſame out with the Help of a Servant, and build a Boat, rig it, and afterwards go to Sea with the ſame Boat.—But to return; the ſaid Church was framed, and covered in, in leſs than fourteen Days, which contained about four hundred People.—God raiſed up here a precious People; ſome, I doubt not, are from this Place gone to Glory; and I truſt there are a few to this Day, that continue ſtedfaſt, and will be my Crown of Rejoicing in the Great Day.

Having preached in the New Church at *Black-Head* ſometimes, as I could come here but ſeldom, it being a very wild Shore, I appointed them to meet together, and read the Church Service; and afterwards to read a Sermon, which I furniſhed them with: Thus they continued to do; and when the Weather permitted them, they would come to *Harbour-Grace* and *Carbonear*, notwithſtanding it was near eighteen Miles by Water. I have known them often come over the mighty Waters at the Hazard of their Lives, with their little Babes in their Arms;—but what will not precious Souls, who have the Love of God ſhed abroad in their Hearts, go through for a dear Redeemer: God did great Things, in a ſhort Time, in theſe Parts.

Soon after this Work began, God gave a bleſſed Teſtimony thereto (which I truſt was much to his Glory, and to the eſtabliſhing the Word of his Grace among this People) which was by calling one of his dear Children to eternal Reſt, who, when upon his Death-Bed, deſired that the Miniſter might be ſent for; accordingly I went, and aſked him why he ſent for me; to which he made anſwer, "Sir, I ſent for you, to tell you what God has done for my poor Soul; but before I tell you, I deſire, that all my Friends may be preſent:"—They were ſent for; and he deſired, that he might partake of the bleſſed Sacrament; we then joined in Prayer, and of a Truth it was a Time of Love; God filled the Houſe with his Glory.—"Thy Preſence makes my Paradiſe, and where thou art is Heaven." When *Jeſus* is preſent, all Things go well.—After Sacrament, he told me, in what Manner God firſt called him under the Word, and alſo the

Time and Place where God firſt began the Work of Grace upon his Soul, and ſaid, I am thy Salvation; which enabled him to cry out, with the Prophet, *Though thou waſt angry with me, thine Anger is turned away, and thou comforteſt me.* He then adreſſed his ancient Parents, and deſired them to ſeek this Truth, which he felt and found to his Soul's Salvation; he alſo addreſſed his Wife, and earneſtly beſought her to make the Lord her Huſband.—This was a very moving Sight; his ancient Parents on one Side, his Wife and ſix ſmall Children on the other. — This Family was remarkable for Harmony and Love. — He ſaid to his Wife, "My dear, I am now going out of a poor miſerable World, and I can now tell you where I am going; and I ſhall be ſoon crowned with *a Crown that fadeth not away:* As a Huſband, I hope, I loved you; and as a Father, I laboured, under God, for my dear Children; but they are no more mine; I give you and them up to my dear *Jeſus*, who gave them me, and *He will be a Father to the Fatherleſs, and a Huſband to the Widow.* — I aſked him, if he had any Fear of Death? He ſaid, "No, Sir, I long for Death, it will be a bleſſed Meſſenger to my Soul." Can you, ſaid I, give up your dear Wife and ſix Children? He replied, "Oh, Sir, I can; *Chriſt* is more to me than all the World:—Oh, what are all Things to me; *Chriſt is All and in All!*" Thus he continued to his laſt Moments. *Bleſſed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their Labours, and their Works do follow them.*

In this Place, another very awful Circumſtance happened: A poor ungodly Sinner, who was much addicted to Drunkenneſs, often attended the Word, but made light of it, ſo far, that he oppoſed me in the open Church; I admoniſhed him, from Time to Time, but he was like the deaf Adder, and would not hear: He pleaded, that he was for the *Church*, the *Church*; and that he was ſure, the Clergy in *England* did not preach up, that People muſt go to Hell, except they were born again; and as for his Part, he would not believe it: This he made good; he never did. *He that is often reproved, and hardeneth his Neck, ſhall fall into Deſtruction, and that without Remedy.* This Scripture was fulfilled in this unhappy Wretch; God after a Time called him away; but upon his Death-Bed, he cried out, "I am damned to all Eternity; I have ſinned away the Day of Grace, and now I am ſealed for ever unto eternal Damnation. *God called*, and his Miniſter called, but *I refuſed*; *I would not have the Lord to reign over me*; I loved my Sins."—One of his Children cried out, and ſaid, "Dear Father, pray to the Lord Jeſus; *he came to ſeek and ſave poor loſt Sinners*:" To which he made anſwer, "Oh! my Child, your poor Father cannot pray; he ſoon will be tormented in the Flames of everlaſting Burnings; all is over, it is too late:" He farther cried, "Oh! I already feel the Torments of the Damned; none can tell what I feel: Oh! I ſee thouſands of Devils in this Room; could you ſee them, you would not ſtay in this Place: Oh! everlaſting Burning! Oh! Eternity!"—Thus he continued to the laſt, uttering many more Things, which would be ſhocking to mention.—*Becauſe I have called, and ye refuſed; I have ſtretched out my Hand, and no Man regarded; but ye have ſet at nought all my Counſel, and would none of my Reproof: I alſo will laugh at your Calamity; I will mock when your Fear cometh: When your Fear cometh as Deſolation, and your Deſtruction cometh as a Whirlwind; when Diſtreſs and Anguiſh cometh upon you: For that they hated Knowledge, and did not chooſe the Fear of the Lord*, *Prov.* i. 24—29.—Here I would drop a Word of Exhortation: *Seek the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near. Let the Wicked forſake his Way, and the Unrighteous Man his Thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon, Iſaiah* lv. 6, 7.

But I will refer my Reader to the following EXPERIENCES, and LETTERS, for the Truth of the powerful Work carried on in *Newfoundland*; and if the ſame ſhould prove a Bleſſing to any one Soul, may the Glory *be to him who hath loved us, and waſhed us from our Sins in his own Blood.*

The Experience of *C— G—*,

Who departed this Life, on the 9th of *May*, 1773.

Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my latter End be like his.

AS to her Perſon, ſhe was exceedingly agreeable; ſhe alſo had a Share of good Senſe, few could excel her; ſhe was quite gay. She had a Mother, an old Lady, who was blind; but notwithſtanding her Gaiety, in point of Duty, ſhe exceeded many, in the Care of her ancient Parent, for which I often recommended her, as a Pattern to others; ſhe wanted nothing to make her complete, but the *one Thing needful.* She attended on the Church conſtantly; and ſoon after I came to the Iſland, ſhe had ſome good Impreſſions made upon her poorSoul; but ſhe often ſaid, that it was too ſoon, and when ſhe grew old, ſhe would be religious, and become a Convert. Thus, for four or five Years, ſhe went on, taking her Pleaſure. She bore a good Character of being a virtuous young Lady, till about two Years before ſhe died. But how true is that Proverb, *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*; which was this young Lady's Caſe, and proved the Deſtruction of her Body. A Gentleman Merchant came to viſit her, under the Notion of Friendſhip, and repeated his Viſits, until ſuch Time as he got his Will of her. This poor deluded young Lady at laſt proved with Child, from which Time ſhe was ſtruck with the Thoughts of Eternity. The horrible Sin ſhe was overcome with, and the Scandal ſhe was likely to bring upon her Family, purſued her Day and Night; ſo that ſhe concluded, at Times, that ſhe muſt be everlaſtingly loſt; yet ſhe reſolved to attend upon the Means of Grace, which ſhe conſtantly did all Weathers. About two Months before ſhe died, being at Church on *Eaſter-Sunday*, ſhe ſaw the Congregation ſtay at the Sacrament; and when ſhe looked at the Communicants, ſhe thought, that ſhe ſhould have been exceedingly happy to be one of them, if ſhe had been but worthy.

Another Circumſtance ſhe related, which proved her ſtrong Conviction, was this: One Day, as ſhe ſtood at her Window, ſhe ſaw a Corpſe carried by to be buried; ſhe burſt out, and cried aloud:—Her Mother, being in the Room, ſaid, "My dear Kitty, what is the Matter?"—She anſwered, "O my dear Mother, I ſee a Corpſe going to be buried, and I doubt not, but I ſhall be the next; but Oh! what ſhall become of my never-dying Soul:"—Thus her Conviction was more and more increaſed.

Another Circumſtance, which proved God was at work upon her poor Soul, was this: She often ſat down, and took Pen and Paper, in order to write her Caſe to me, and deſired, that I might be acquainted with the ſame; but as ſoon as ſhe took the Pen in her Hand, ſhe was ſeized with ſuch a Trembling that ſhe could not write, being conſcious of her great Guilt, and, as ſhe ſaid, fearful, that I would not admit her to the bleſſed Sacrament.—In this moſt diſtreſſed Condition, ſhe continued, till the Hour of Nature's Troubles came. In the Midſt of her Pangs, ſhe cried out, that ſhe was loſt for ever.—She then ſaid to the Women, "Pray do ſend for Mr. *Coughlan*, and let me ſee him, that he may pray for my poor Soul. Oh! I am going, I am going to Hell. Oh! Eternity, Eternity!"—After a ſore Travail, it pleaſed God to deliver her Body, but the Travail of her Soul continued. I was then ſent for, and when I came, I aſked her wherefore ſhe ſent for me. I further enquired, whether it was not the Scandal of that Sin alone which cauſed her to be in ſuch Diſtreſs. —She then acknowledged her great Sin, but, with lifted-up Hands and Eyes, and bitter Cries, ſhe ſaid, "Oh! Sir, this is not the only Sin which I feel, but I am altogether Sin; but is there not Mercy for the Chief of Sinners? I am, it is true, one of the greateſt of Sinners: O my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, will you pray for me? Do pray, do give me the bleſſed Sacrament, before I die, and then I will give up Body and Soul to God; I will, my dear Sir."—I aſked her, what we ſhould requeſt of God in Prayer:— "O Sir (ſaid ſhe) pray, that my poor Soul may be clothed with that Wedding Garment, the Righteouſneſs of a dying God; in this I deſire to be found."—We went to Prayer, and of a Truth it was a Time of Love. Oh! the Heart-piercing Cries which ſhe put up, and the Arguments ſhe made uſe of, were piercing to all in the Room, and prevalent with God. Here you might ſee a poor Sinner at her Lord's Feet, *waſhing them with Tears, and wiping them with the Hairs of her Head.*——The next Day, I viſited her, and found her athirſt for her God. I aſked her, what ſhe thought of receiving the bleſſed Sacrament, and giving herſelf up to God :—She anſwered, " I know, that my Sins are many more than I can tell ; and God knows, that I have nothing to bring ; I am very unworthy to come to the bleſſed Table, yet, as a loſt Sinner, I will come." —I interrogated her, and ſaid, "But ſuppoſe, that God would raiſe you up, and ſpare you a little longer, would you not be aſhamed of the poor deſpiſed People of God; and are you not liable to the like Sin again?"—She then anſwered, " This is very true."—She further lifted up her Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and put up Prayers to the Throne of Grace, in Words to this Effect: " O my God, thou knoweſt my ſinful Heart; yet, bad and vile as I am, thou, O my God, canſt pardon all my Sins, and make me one of thy dear Children. Here is my Body and Soul; take me, O my God, juſt as I am, and I never will forſake thee more. Do, my dear *Jeſus*, take a loſt Sinner." —I, after this, gave her the bleſſed Sacrament, and joined in Prayer :—But, Oh ! to ſee the Tears run down her Face, like Streams from the Rock, was very affecting ; and to behold her aged blind Mother, and many of her dear Friends around her Bed, was very moving :—This was on *Thurſday*.

The *Saturday* following, ſome Friends viſited her, when ſhe deſired, that they would ſing an Hymn, which they did:— The Hymn began with theſe Words,

“ No farther go To-night, but ſtay,
“ Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day;
“ Turn in, dear Lord, with me;” *&c.*—

We then joined in Prayer, after which ſhe cried out, “ Where is my dear Siſter? O my dear Siſter, *Jeſus* is come, he is come; my Soul is fired with the Love of God; Oh! my Sins are done away, not one remains.”—She then broke out into Praiſes, mixed with Prayer, and ſaid, “ O bleſſed *Jeſus*, what haſt thou done for me! What! ſuch a vile Sinner, ſuch a black Sinner, made white in the Blood of the dear Lamb! *Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within me bleſs his holy Name.* Oh! who could ever believe, that the Love of God was ſo ſweet! O my dear Siſter, my Soul is filled with this ſweet Love of God. *Oh! that I had Wings, that I might flee away, and be for ever with my God.* Now I have only one Deſire, and that is to live, to ſhew the World what God has done for my Soul. I, that was ſuch an Enemy to the bleſſed Goſpel, that my God ſhould look upon me, in my Sins and in my Blood!"—Her Mother, who ſat weeping at her Bedſide, ſaid, "O my dear *Kitty*, can you leave me, your poor blind Mother! Who ſhall lead me in and out to the Houſe of God?"—To which ſhe anſwered, "True, my dear Mother, you are blind, not only in Body, but in Soul; ſo was I all my Days, till now; but now I can ſay, *Come, and ſee a Man that told me all that ever I did: Is not this the very Chriſt.* And now, my dear Mother, I can leave Mother and Siſter, and all the World, and go to him, whom my Soul loveth: I ſhall be ſoon with him: O yes, I ſhall be with him, and praiſe him for ever."—She then deſired, that her two Brothers might be ſent for, who came to her Bedſide (one of which was the Magiſtrate) and ſhe cried out, and ſaid, "My dear Brother, I am dying: I will tell you what God has done for my Soul: It is true, I brought a Scandal upon you; but bad Company and a tempting Devil, with a fallen Nature, brought me to this; but God has taken away all my Sins. Now ſee, that you delay not; Oh! did you know what Love I find in my poor Heart, you could not ſtand againſt it; O my dear Brother, ſet out for Eternity. Time is ſhort, I ſhall ſoon be no more. I pray God, that you may *ſeek the Lord, while he may be found.*"--- She then wiſhed them a good Night, and prayed for them, and often ſaid, "O ſweet *Jeſus*, how powerful is thy Love to my Soul! I have much forgiven me, may I love much."

Sunday Morning, about three o'Clock, ſhe ſent for me, about three Hours before ſhe departed; when I came into the Room, ſhe fixed her Eyes upon me, and took me by the Hand, and ſaid, "O my dear, dear Mr. *Coughlan*, I am juſt going, the Time is at hand; this bleſſed *Sabbath* I ſhall be in Glory. Oh! what has *Jeſus* done for me! Do, my dear Sir, join in Prayer for me, that I may ſoon get through this Valley, and land ſafe upon yon bleſt eternal Shore:"—I aſked her, if ſhe was fearful of Death:— "No, my dear Sir" (ſaid ſhe) how can I, when my Maſter is in the Ship, and holds me by the Hand? I know, that I am upon the Rock, and ſhall praiſe him for ever: Oh! I long to be with him!"— We then joined in Prayer, and ſoon my Voice was loſt in her Praiſes:—She often cried out, "O ſweet *Jeſus*, I long to be where thou art."—A little before ſhe departed, ſhe intreated her poor diſconſolate Mother, not to weep for her, ſaying, that ſhe was leaving a poor, miſerable, cenſorious World, and going to enjoy a Kingdom that could not be moved.—Thus ſhe continued, till ſhe ſpoke her laſt; and, in a few Minutes after,

"She clapt her glad Wings, and tower'd
"away,
"And mingled with the Blaze of Day."

In a few Days after, the poor Infant followed her, and now ſings around the Throne, praiſing the Lamb for ever.

The Experience of Miſs *N. G.*

Who departed this Life, on the 24th of *June*, 1773, in the 20th Year of her Age.

The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed.

ABOUT the 20th Day of *June*, I was ſent for by Miſs *N—— G——*, who was then dangerouſly ill. When I came, I found her crying out for Mercy. I aſked her, whether ſhe ſaw and felt herſelf to be a Sinner:—She ſaid, "Yes, Sir, I know and feel that I am."—I further aſked her, if ſhe thought that *Jeſus Chriſt* was able and willing to ſave her:—She ſaid, "I hope ſo."—She then went to Prayer, and ſaid as follows: "Oh! for one Drop of that Blood; O Lord, how is it that thou ſhouldeſt look upon ſuch a poor Creature! See now, how I am obliged to call upon my God! Oh! what poor Creatures are we; when we can do nothing elſe, we come unto God! I often promiſed, and reſolved, to live to God, and would, for a little Time, be ſeemingly ſincere; but Oh! how ſoon would all my Reſolutions fall away! What with the Allurements of the World, and the Weakneſs of my Heart, I ſoon fell back again. Oh! this poor World, I ſee it now as it is; it is all nothing to me; nor do I want to ſtay in it one Hour longer, if my dear *Jeſus* did but prepare me for another World. O Sir, I find, that all my Affections are taken off this World; there is not a Creature, nor Thing in it, that I deſire beſides *Jeſus Chriſt*. But, O Sir, I fear, that I am not ſincere; and I often deſpair of myſelf: I alſo am afraid to truſt my Heart, yet I hope I am ſincere and upright before my God; and my one Deſire is, that he would prepare me to meet him; I do not want to ſtay in this World; no, I do not; I want to be where my dear *Jeſus* is:"--- I then aſked her, if we ſhould join in Prayer:—She ſaid, "Oh! yes."—I aſked her, if we ſhould beg any one Thing in particular in Prayer:—She ſaid, "O pray, that God may truly convince me of my Sins, and ſeal Pardon on my Heart."—We then joined in Prayer; and it was amazing to hear her Cries, when ſhe prayed as if ſhe ſtormed Heaven by the Violence of her Prayers. Tongue cannot expreſs the great Thirſt ſhe felt in her Soul.

Saturday the 19th, I viſited her again, and found her mourning, like a Dove, for her ſweet *Jeſus*, as ſhe often called him. I then aſked her, if ſhe longed for *Jeſus* to take poſſeſſion of her Soul:—"Oyes, Sir—(ſaid ſhe) I long for nothing elſe."—She then prayed, and ſaid, "O my God, blot out all my Sins; create in me a clean Heart, O my God. Oh! what a poor helpleſs Sinner am I; yet, O my God, thou art merciful to poor Sinners; Lord, I am one; Oh! look in Mercy upon me, and ſave me: O ſweet *Jeſus*, look upon me, and take my into thy Arms. O dear *Jeſus*, waſh me from all Unrighteouſneſs, and make me holys a thou art holy."—She further ſaid, "Oh! I fear my Heart is not upright enough; Oh! that I was prepared for my God. O come, ſweet *Jeſus*, and take up thy Abode in my poor Heart."—I then ſpoke to her about the Sacrament, ſeeing that God had prepared her for it by his bleſſed Spirit; but Oh! what Reverence and Humility did ſhe ſhew upon this Occaſion!—"O Sir (ſaid ſhe) it is a great Undertaking; I fear, I am not worthy to partake of ſuch a Feaſt."—She then prayed thus: "Dear *Jeſus*, thou knoweſt what a Sinner I am; thou ſeeſt, that I have no Goodneſs of my own; no, I have none; I am

I am a very unworthy Sinner, yet, O my God and Saviour, I come with all my Sins, and lay them down at thy Feet: Dear *Jeſus*, hear, O thou dear *Jeſus*, now I am coming to thy Table, to partake of thy bleſſed Body and Blood; and now I give up my Body and Soul to thee; and if I live, Oh! let me live to thee; but I do not deſire to live; O ſweet *Jeſus*, make me thine for ever."—She then took the bleſſed Sacrament, as a Token and Pledge of the dying Love of a crucified *Jeſus*.

On *Monday*, the 21ſt, I viſited her again, and aſked her, whether ſhe did not love her Saviour, and if ſhe did not believe that he loved her:—She replied, "I love him, and believe that he loves me."—She further ſaid, "O Sir, I thought I was in the Arms of my dear *Jeſus*, but I am not as yet gone; I hope I ſoon ſhall." She then deſired, that we might join in Prayer.

On the 23d, I viſited her again, and I aſked her, if ſhe found *Chriſt* precious to her Soul:—She ſaid, "O Sir, I do, I do, and love him with all my Soul, and with all my Heart."—Here I muſt take notice, that, during the Time I was laſt with her, ſhe had uncommon Strength, and was delivered from diſtracting Pain, till Prayer was ended.

Her Experience thus far, I was an Eye-Witneſs to, having chiefly taken it from her own Lips.

A Friend, who ſat up with her, heard her, in the Silence of the Night, break out into powerful Prayer, ſaying, "*Without Holineſs, no one ſhall ſee the Lord:* Lord, make me *holy as thou art holy.*" — Mrs. *A*——, who was with her in her laſt Moments, gives this Account of her: —"I ſee (ſaid ſhe) that my dear *Jeſus* is determined to have me. Oh! who could think, that my dear Saviour would do ſo much for me as he has done."—At another Time, ſhe ſaid, "Oh! what a Number is there in Heaven! And, O my dear *Jeſus*, I am going to be one of that bleſſed Number of the Elect of God; yes, I am going: I know, that my Peace is made with God; O my dear *Jeſus*, I am ready."

The following is a Prayer which was found in her Pocket.

O heavenly Father, great and glorious are thy Works: I ſee thy magnificent Power ſet forth throughout the World. O Lord, do thou diſplay thyſelf before me, even me. Lord Jeſus, let me ſee thee with the Eye of Faith, in perfect Holineſs. O make me ſincere be-

fore thee; give me an humble and contrite Heart. O God, let me be wholly devoted to thy Service. Gain thyſelf Victory, O bleſſed Jeſus; and let the Affections that are placed on this ſinful World be fixed on thee, never, never to offend ſo righteous a Judge; but enable me to praiſe thee acceptably, with Reverence and godly Fear of Heart; and anſwer it, if it be thy bleſſed Will. Amen and Amen.

The Experience of Mrs. *W*——,

Who departed this Life, on the 9th of *September*, 1773, in the Twenty-firſt Year of her Age; who was a Wife and Mother of Two Children.

The Righteous ſhall be had in everlaſting Remembrance.

AS to her Perſon, ſhe was exceeding neat, and as a Native, prodigious clean in herſelf and in her Family. She was a Girl of no Education, as her Father was taken away in her Youth, and the poor Widow left with a large Family; ſo that, it was as much as ſhe could do to get them Food and Raiment. The Mother received the Goſpel, and died in full Aſſurance of Faith.

On *September* the 7th, I was ſent for, by Mrs. *W*——, who was then brought-to-bed, and was dangerouſly ill; and I aſked her, how ſhe was, as touching her Soul:—She anſwered, "Very bad: I ſent for you, Sir, to let you know, that I am now going out of this World into a World of Spirits, where, I fear, I ſhall be tormented for ever. I did not ſend for you, with a View that you can do any good for me; no, Sir, I have no Hope for Mercy, it is too late; I already feel the Torments of the damned Spirits: I have ſinned away the Day of Grace; ſo that, I muſt be for ever ſeparated from God. My dear Mother, who, I believe, is now in Glory, often warned me; but I made light of all that ſhe ſaid to me, and would not have the Lord to reign over me; and now God is very juſtly cutting me off. I, Sir, am all Sin, and have never done one good Action in all my Life. Oh! what ſhall I do, I feel a Hell in my Conſcience; I am loſt for ever; ſure, there is no Mercy for me. I have often gone to Church, but took no notice of all you ſaid, and made light of it. I often omitted the Means of Grace, and was careful about this poor World. Now my Body is exceeding bad, and the Pain that is in the ſame Body is more than I can expreſs; but, Sir, the Pain of my Body is Nothing to that which my Soul feels: If my Pain is ſo great here, what muſt it be hereafter, when this Soul of mine is ſeparated from my Body! Sir, I ſent for you, to tell you all this, and that you may warn other poor Sinners."—I aſked her, if we ſhould join in Prayer:—She ſaid, "You may pray, but I have no Hope of Mercy."—I aſked her, what I ſhould aſk of God in her behalf:—She then lifted up her Hands and Eyes, and ſaid, "Well, Sir, if you will pray for ſuch a vile Sinner, do pray, that God would deliver my poor Soul, and write Pardon on my wretched Heart, which if he will but do, I will praiſe him for ever."—We joined in Prayer, and I found my Soul much drawn out for her. I aſked her, after Prayer, if ſhe found any Hope that God would ſhew her his Salvation:—She ſaid, "I do find, that God has given me ſome Dawnings of Hope, that he will ſhew me ſome Mercy."—I left her quite athirſt for God. The Day after, ſhe deſired, that I might be ſent for; accordingly I viſited her again, and aſked her, how ſhe found her Mind:—She ſaid, "O my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, all is well; *Jeſus* is come, he has ſealed Pardon on my poor Soul.

"O thou bottomleſs Abyſs,
"My Sins are ſwallowed up in thee."

I ſaid unto her, Do you now believe, that God, for *Chriſt*'s Sake, has blotted out all your Sins:—"O my dear Mr. *Coughlan* (replied ſhe) I do believe, and feel, that *Chriſt* is mine; I do, I do really believe, that *Chriſt* is my Beloved; and I am ſure he is mine, my very Heart burns with Love: O yes, my Soul is full of Love. O my dear *Jeſus*, thou knoweſt, that I do love thee. I am not now afraid of Death: No, Sir, the Sting is taken away; and I am ſure, I ſhall be ſoon with my dear *Jeſus*, I ſhall ſoon be in Glory. Oh! what has *Jeſus* done for me! O help me to praiſe my God."—I then aſked her, if ſhe could freely leave her dear Huſband and her two little Infants:—She then ſaid, "Was it the Will of my dear Father, I would ſubmit to ſtay a little with my dear Babes; but, O Sir, God will take care of them; therefore the Will of the Lord be done: I do not want to ſtay in this poor World; no, Sir, I never found one Grain of Happineſs in it."—She then cried out, and ſaid, "Thou, Lord, haſt made me willing; and now, thou knoweſt, I can leave Huſband and my dear Babes, to be for ever with my dear God and Saviour; I do not want to live in this World: O come, and take me, my dear Saviour: I am thine, and ſhall be thine, for ever."—I then ſaid, "I hope, my dear Friend, that what you ſay, you are well aſſured of?"—To which ſhe replied, "O

Sir, Do you doubt of what I ſay? What! in my laſt Moments, when I am going into Eternity! Sir, believe me, I do know, that I am one with *Chriſt*: He is my all, and has ſaved me with an everlaſting Salvation: I would not deceive my own poor Soul for ten thouſand Worlds: No, Sir, I am ſure, what I tell you is true; I am ſure, *Jeſus Chriſt* has blotted out my Sins, and I do love him with all my Heart; and I am ſure, he loves me, for I feel his bleſſed Spirit in my Heart; none can tell, what Love I feel in my poor Soul: Oh! it is Heaven below: Oh! that every poor Sinner did but feel this Love that I feel."—She then deſired, that ſhe might ſup with her dear Lord in the bleſſed Sacrament, as a Token and Pledge of his dying Love, and ſhe beſeeched the Lord, and ſaid,—"Do, dear Lord, take me as a poor loſt Sinner, yet a ſaved Sinner, through Grace; here is my Soul and Body: Lord, thou haſt bought me, and I am thine, and ſhall be thine, for ever."—Thus much I had from her own Mouth; what follows, I had from a dear Friend, who attended her in her Illneſs.

After ſhe was delivered, ſhe deſired, we would join in returning Thanks to God for her ſafe Delivery, which we did:—She then ſaid, “ Sure I ſhall never forget this Mercy, that God ſhould hear my poor Prayer, and deliver me. Oh! now, I never ſhall forget this; I, who have been ſuch a vile Sinner, that God ſhould hear and deliver me!”—Mrs. *A*——, who gives this Account of her, ſaid, “ My Dear, you know, theDeliverance you had before this; how you promiſed to God what you would be; but, you know, that you ſoon forgot it, and returned to Sin again:”—She replied, “ True, my dear Soul, I did ſo, but this I ſhall never forget to the Day of my Death.” — Soon after this, God broke in upon her Soul, and ſhe called upon all to join her to praiſe her God, who had done ſuch great Things for her. She often called upon her dear Saviour, to come and take her Home; for now ſhe was made ready. She then deſired, that her dear Huſband, and all her Relations, might come into her Room, for ſhe had a Word to ſay to them, before ſhe departed.—She ſaid to her dear Huſband, “ O my Dear, I am going to leave you; I ſhall be ſoon in Heaven with my dear *Jeſus*. Now, my Dear, make haſte and follow me, where Sorrow and Trouble ſhall be no more.”—She then called for her Siſters and Brothers, and told them, what God had done for her Soul.—She then poured out her Prayers for them, and took her leave, and cried out, "O ſee my *Jeſus* coming for me; ſoon he ſhall burſt yonder Cloud, and take me to his heavenly Home:"—She then deſired, that we might join in Prayer; and after Prayer, ſhe gave out an Hymn throughout, and ſung it as if ſhe was quite whole.—After this, ſhe cried out, "Now my Time is come; ſee my *Jeſus*, yonder he comes: Welcome, Welcome, bleeding Lamb."

She then gave up her Breath, and fell aſleep in the Arms of her dear *Jeſus*.

The Experience of Mrs. *P*——,

When lying on her Death-Bed.

WHEN ſhe was in great Pain of Body, ſhe would often lift up her Soul, in fervent Prayer, to God, and beg, that he would not ſuffer her, through any Pain of Death, to fall from him.—She would often ſay, "My Father, take me to thy Mercy; my dear *Jeſus*, take me to thyſelf."—When in great Agony and Pain of Body, ſhe would praiſe and glorify God, and would often ſay, "Whatever pleaſes my God, I hope, ſhall alſo pleaſe me."—She was truly ſenſible, that God afflicted her Body for the Good of her Soul. She would often complain of her own Unworthineſs, and would beg of God to purge out all the old Leaven of Malice and of Wickedneſs, and make her a new Lump, that ſhe might be meet for his Kingdom and Glory.—When, in all Appearance, near the Time of her Diſſolution, ſhe was aſked by one, if ſhe was afraid to die:—She readily replied, "No, bleſſed be God, I am not; Death is no

Terrour to me; I only wait my Lord's Leiſure:"—She then cried out, with great Reverence, "Come, Lord *Jeſus*, come quickly; come Lord *Jeſus*, come quickly:"—And with the like Reverence, ſhe ſaid, "Father, into thy Hands I commend my Body, Soul and Spirit: O ſend thy bleſſed Angels to carry my Soul to Heaven."—In all her Illneſs, ſhe did not think, that God dealt hardly with her; but would often ſay to thoſe around her, "Oh! how good is my God to me, in refreſhing my Soul with the Refreſhments of his Spirit, and anſwering my Prayers; not ſuffering me, through any Pains of Death, to fall from him. Oh! it grieves me much, becauſe I cannot love my dear *Jeſus* more."—She would often ſay, "I could now, this Moment, ſtretch myſelf out on this Bed, and freely give up the Ghoſt, and go to my dear Saviour."—Sometimes ſhe ſaid, "If I could have puſhed through with my Hands and Feet, I ſhould have gone before now, but I cannot; therefore I muſt wait my Lord's Leiſure."—When viſited by her Children, ſhe entreated them, to ſeek the Fear of God, and the Salvation of their Souls; telling them, that their Souls were of more Value than a thouſand Bodies.—When ſhe thought ſhe was dying, ſhe ſent for her Children; and, when one came in, ſhe looked up, and, ſighing, called her by Name, ſaying, "My Dear, remember, and think upon thy poor dying Mother; and pray, that God would turn thy poor hard Heart: It is better (ſaid ſhe) for God to ſay, go thou Beggar to Heaven, than to ſay, go thou that haſt Riches to endleſs Miſery: What will it avail you, to have all the fine Things in the World; it will only ſink your Soul deeper and deeper to all Eternity."—She alſo, to another of her Family, a little before ſhe died, repeated her Experience, ſhewing how ſhe was convinced of her loſt Eſtate, and alſo the Manner of her Converſion:—To this, and much more, are many Witneſſes, ſeveral Perſons being preſent.

LETTERS

TO THE

Rev. Mr. COUGHLAN.

LETTER I.

Carbonear, July 28, 1772.

My very Dear and Rev. Sir,
Peace be to you, &c.

GLORY and Praiſe be from us, and all his Creatures, to our God, who hath done great Things for us, and hath this Morning given us a freſh Evidence of his miraculous Love, in the Redemption of poor, fallen, loſt, undone Sinners. The Readineſs of our dear *Immanuel* to manifeſt his pardoning Love to ſuch Sinners is wonderful; and what makes it more wonderful is, that Man being ſo degenerated, for whole Evil is certainly in Man by Nature, and whole Man is Evil, being alienated from God, and incapable of himſelf to become a returning Penitent; but the bleſſed Redeemer muſt and will perform all the good Work in and with the Soul that he will ſave; working and operating in his own Will and Way; ſometimes by laying on his Chaſtiſements upon the Sinner, and ſending Home the preparative Rod of Affliction, to bend the ſtubborn Heart and ſtiff Neck, in order to bring low, and mortify that naughty Fleſh, which we have ſo little Mind or Will to mortify ourſelves: Here the dear Saviour undertakes all the Work himſelf, and convinces the Sinner, at the ſame Time, that, by his Sins, he hath deſtroyed himſelf; and not only ſo, but, being brought thus by Affliction into the Vale of Humility, he here diſcovers, that his Sins have been the Weapons, and himſelf the Traitor, which have pierced the Lord of Life and Glory: And this cauſes that bleſſed Mourning and Sorrowing for Sin, which worketh a ſincere Repentance; ſoftening the ſtony Heart, making it capable of receiving the Grace of God, even as ſoaking Showers prepare and molify the Earth, to receive the Seed; and then it is, the great Huſbandman caſts in the Seed; and God, with his Word and Spirit, ſays to the Sinner, I am thy Salvation.

The Sinner is now freely pardoned, his paſt Offences are done away; the Seed, now influenced by the Depths of Humility, takes Root downward, and brings forth upward the Fruits of the Spirit, Peace, Love, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt. Oh! ſtrange Metamorphoſe! the Conſcience, but a Moment or two before wounded, loaded; the Sinner, juſt ready to deſpair, now inſtantly, with a loud Voice, proclaims the Salvation of his Redeemer, and cries out, with Ecſtaſies of Joy, I have found a pardoning God: Surely, Mercy and Truth are now met together; Righteouſneſs and Peace embrace the poor Sinner: The bright Perfections of the Eternal here ſhine, unite, and form a New Creature. Oh! that every poor Creature could digeſt that true Text of St. *Paul*, *Eph.* ii. 8. *For by Grace are ye ſaved, thro' Faith; and that not of yourſelves; it is the Gift of God.*—Dear Sir, I write thus to you, becauſe I have ſweetly experienced thoſe Truths, concerning the tender compaſſionate Chaſtenings, and preparative Work, our Lord carries on, in the bringing of Sinners to himſelf; a bleſſed Work, that, Glory be to God, you are not unacquainted with; eſpecially in him, who now is the happy Occaſion of my writing to you: You, and we, your little Flock, all know, that, for more than twelve Months ago, he was under Convictions, and ſeemed, at Times, at our little Meetings, to be very ſolicitous about the State of his Soul; but thoſe good Motions ſeemed, of late, to be almoſt, if not quite worn off, until the Lord laid his afflicting Rod upon him: I had viſited him ſeveral Times, before you was with him the other Day, and was convinced, that the Lord was again at work with him; but ſince you yourſelf was with him, it hath appeared more evident; and your deſiring me to viſit him, I took as a Charge; and accordingly I did ſo, and have the Happineſs to tell you, that the Lord hath bleſſed your Endeavours, and Miniſtry, both in me and him. Glory to our dear Lord, who hath greatly ſtrengthened me, with Faith in Prayer, and pleading the Promiſes for him occaſionly. I plied him with Pills firſt, until I found him quite broken down, and athirſt for God; this was *Monday* Evening, having alſo been with him in the Morning. *Tueſday* Morning, I was with him again, when I found him much diſtreſſed, and labouring under an almoſt intolerable Weight and Burden on his

Heart,

Heart, which ſeemed, he ſaid, more grievous, and painful, than all his other bodily Diſorders; fearing, as he ſaid, at the ſame Time, that his Sins had been ſo heinous, and manifold, that God, although, ſays he, I know he is a merciful God, would not pardon them: This was his great Trouble and Pain. I was very glad of this Symptom; and knowing, that this was the Highway to the Gates of Mercy, I was enabled to gather up a few ſimple Fragments, and preſent them to his deſponding Soul.—— Dear Sir, I cannot expreſs the Faith and Aſſurance I ſeemed to have beſtowed upon me, at this Time, to plead and hang on the Promiſes, that all who thus come to him, he *will in no wiſe caſt out*; and our dear *Immanuel* was of a Truth with us; for I was aſſured, that *Chriſt* would ſoon manifeſt his pardoning Love to his Soul. Several of our Women Friends were with us, and were greatly bleſſed; they were filled to the Brim with the Waters of Humility, which the Maſter ſoon turned into ſweet Wine.— Dear Lord, what are we, or our Father's Houſe, but great Sinners! O Lord, what is Man, that thou regardeſt him! Or, amongſt the Sons of Men, what are we, that thou ſhouldeſt viſit us with thy Love!—

I now ſung the 160th and 188th Hymns: This laſt Hymn ſeemed to relax his whole Heart, and operated, as a ſoaking Shower of Rain upon the thirſty Ground: It is theſe precious Heart-ſprung Tears that are well pleaſing to *Jeſus*; ſo well pleaſing, that our tender, compaſſionate High-Prieſt cannot, will not overlook them; for ſurely there is a Bottle to put them in. Encouraged by theſe Circumſtances, I was perſuaded, that theſe *April* Showers, as Mr. *Trap* has it, would ſoon produce *May* Flowers. I went now to Prayer, and the Lord helped my Infirmities, and made Interceſſion for us, ſuitable to the Occaſion. I told him to be fervent in Prayer, and that though *Heavineſs* might *endure for a Night*, yet I had great Hope of *Joy in the Morning* for him; for I was ſomehow aſſured, that the Lord would viſit him very ſoon. I then took my leave of him, and came Home, where I was ſo laid out in Prayer for him, that I could not leave off, for a great while; and I believed, that the Lord was now near to deliver him.—This Morning, I was again juſt preparing to viſit him, and pray with him again, when, to my unſpeakable Joy and Comfort, a Meſſenger came to me, and told me, that he deſired, that I would come to him, and that he had good News to tell me; and, bleſſed be God, it was comfortable News, indeed. I went immediately, and when I came into his Chamber, I found him in the greateſt Ecſtaſies of Joy imaginable; his Guilt all removed, and his very bodily Health, at that Time, in a Manner reſtored. — "O my dear Friend (ſays he) I am well, I have no Pain; I am all Life; I could find it in my Heart to leap out of Bed, and dance."—My dear Sir, I queſtion whether ever you ſaw ſuch a wonderful Change; he was indeed ready and ſtrong enough to take up his Bed and walk.—I then aſked him, in what Manner this Change firſt operated:—He told me, that he had been very bad all the Night, until, towards the Morning, he doſed a little; and that, in this Sort of Slumber, he ſaw ſome People come to him, who were about to open him and take out his Heart; he then expoſtulated a little with them, and aſked them, what ſhould he then do for a Heart, or ſomething to that Effect; when the Men ſaid, Oh! we are to give you a new Heart; with that he ſaid, he put up his own Hand, and ſaid, I will pull it out myſelf, which, as he thought, was done accordingly; and immediately he awoke with a new Heart indeed: I am ſure (ſaid he) it is not the ſame, for I feel Nothing but Newneſs, Lightneſs, Love, Peace and Joy all over; I have no Pain, no Burden: What is become of my guilty Load and Pain! What is become of Fear! I am not afraid now to die; I am all Love, Love, for every Soul in the whole World. Oh! my God is all Love!"—We now had Matter enough for Praiſe: We ſung an Hymn, and offered up our Peace-Offerings; and how great and agreeable was our Surpriſe to hear him, who, the Night before, was dead and helpleſs, as the Man who was ſick of the Palſy, and let down through the Tiling, now, with an audible Voice, joining us in ſinging Hymns; and, at the ſame Time, overpowered with Love and Thankfulneſs to his Redeemer! This, my dear Sir, is the News that I now ſend you, which, I believe, will be a great Bleſſing to you.—May the Lord *Jeſus* bleſs you, ſpare, and continue you amongſt us; and that, for our Unthankfulneſs and Unworthineſs, you may never be removed from us, nor the holy Viſion be taken from you; but may the dear *Immanuel*, our ſpiritual *Elijah*, give you a double Portion of his Spirit, and his Mantle; that your little Flock given you may ſtill continue to rejoice: And may the Lord

Jeſus Chriſt eſtabliſh our Hearts in Faith and Love, that we may be found unblamable in Holineſs before our God, even our Father, at the coming of the Lord *Jeſus*, with all his Saints; that the Spirit of *Chriſt* may dwell in us; that we may continue in the Grace of God, and in the Faith, grounded and ſettled; and may not be moved away from the Hope of the Goſpel. May the Bleſſing of God be on your Miniſtry, that you may continue to bring many unto Righteouſneſs; that you may at laſt finiſh your Courſe with Joy, and ſhine forth as the Stars, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your Brother in *Chriſt Jeſus*,

T. P.

LETTER II.

Baltimore, June 21, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

I TAKE this Opportunity of complying with your Requeſt, in ſending you a particular Account of my Affairs; and this I cheerfully do, from a Conſideration of your exceeding great Kindneſs to me, at a Time when I ſeemed caſt out, and deſtitute of all Friends. We were but twenty-four Hours in the *Downs*, when we ſailed with a fair Wind, and immediately loſt Sight of Land, which we no more ſaw, until we ſaw the Cape of *Virginia*. We were but five Weeks between Lands, having, in general, a fair Wind, and being very free from Storms. My Paſſage was made very tolerable, thro' the Friendſhip of the Captain; he employed me as Doctor to the Sick; and as I could bleed, and underſtood ſomewhat of Doctorſhip, and the Application of Drugs, I was made exceeding uſeful to Numbers, who, in their Paſſage, were ill, the Fever being much among them; but, through the Bleſſing of God on my Endeavours, none died: I found Bleeding, Vomiting, and a Bliſter on the Back, made head againſt the Fever, and the Sick ſoon recovered: This introduced me into the good Graces of the Captain; ſo that, I was treated like himſelf. By the Conſent and Deſire of the Captain, I preached twice on *Sundays*, and once on the Week Days, when the People could hear; but this was with an heavy Heart, for I did not find my Soul alive to God; but, on the contrary, I knew, that God's Diſpleaſure was againſt me, becauſe of my Unfaithfulneſs; and I was overwhelmed in Trouble; nevertheleſs, I had the Comfort to find a Backſlider confeſs, that he was reſtored to Favour under my Labours; and different Perſons profeſſed to be greatly quickened.——

After I went to *Baltimore*, I made Inquiry for the People of God, and converſed with one of Mr. *Weſley*'s Preachers; but as I had no Letter from Mr. *Weſley*, he ſeemed very cold, and behaved with no ſmall Indifference, which did not a little try me. However, I was received to lodge with a *Dutch* Gentlewoman, where I continued ſome Time, at free Coſt; but, hearing of no Place, I was going to ſet ſail for *Philadelphia*,

ladelphia, when a young Man of Mr. *Weſley*'s Society, directed by Providence, came from his Home to the Houſe where I was; and, as he informed me afterwards, he did not know well why it was, but he found himſelf preſſed to come that Day to Town; and, he hearing of me, was puſhed on to preſs me to go Home with him, and ſtay at his Houſe, until Providence ſhould open a Door for me: I accepted this Offer, and went to his Father's Houſe, twelve Miles from Town, where I met the young Man's Father, and three Siſters, all happy in the Lord. This, and a Reflection of my State, brought Tears in Plenty from my Eyes; Sorrow revived in my Heart, and my Grief was ſo exceſſive, and viſible, that I could not avoid informing them of the Whole of my Diſtreſs, and the Cauſe thereof. Well, they prayed for me, wept over me, and aſſured me, that God had made known to them, that the Lord would ſhortly reſtore to me all that I had loſt. One Morning, after Family Prayer, I read a Chapter, which greatly affected me, and young Mr. *O*—— (for that was the Name of the Perſon who brought me to his Houſe) we walked into the Woods, and we both fell on our Knees, and a

Spirit of Prayer was imparted to us both; and the bleſſed God broke into my Heart, in a more powerful Manner than I can deſcribe, removed my Grief, and filled my Heart with his Love, to ſuch a Degree, that I could hardly ſpeak, while Tears of Joy ran down my Cheeks. O Sir, God, by his Providence, conveyed me to this Land, to manifeſt the Greatneſs of his Goodneſs to me; every Day's Experience, ſince, confirms me in the loving Kindneſs of the Lord to my poor Soul. Now this Change being wrought, Joy and Comfort was my Portion; I found Freedom to commune with God, as a Man doth with his Friend. I was daily called on to pray in publick, and the People were ſo affected, that they were convinced of God's Goodneſs. Brother *O*—— and I walked one *Sunday*, to ſee Mr. *T*—— *W*———, a Gentleman of an immenſe Fortune, where were different Perſons preſent; after a little Converſation, I gave out an Hymn, and ſung it with Tears of Joy; after which, I went to Prayer with them, and the Glory of God filled every Heart, while on our Knees; ſo that, every Perſon was obliged to withdraw to ſome private Place, to vent their Tears in ſecret; as for my Part, I thought, that my

Heart muſt burſt with the loving Kindneſs of the Lord. Here I exhorted, in the ſame Evening, to a Company of Perſons, whoſe Hearts the Lord well watered. The next *Lord's-Day* I was greatly importuned to preach to a large Company, and the Peoples Hearts were like melting Wax before the Fire: Oh! how did my bleſſed Maſter refreſh my poor Heart with his Love. The *Sunday* after, I preached twice to crouded Aſſemblies; and the poor Souls were willing to go Miles on Foot to hear. Mr. *W*——— invited me to his Houſe, and deſired that I might make his Houſe my own: This Offer I gladly embraced; being, as I thought, long enough at Brother *O*——'s, though they would have gladly entertained me as long as I would; but I was led to go to this Gentleman's Houſe, as I had an Opportunity of doing more good; for there are near one hundred Slaves and Servants employed by him, in and about his Eſtate; and I am as a Chaplain here, to meet the People twice a Day, and the Lord is preſent; and of a *Sunday*, I preach or exhort to them, and Numbers of the Inhabitants. Mrs. *W*——— has been reſtored to the Favour of God, ſince I came here; and ſhe is ſo extremely fond of me, that I could not be ſuffered to leave the Houſe; therefore, ſhe has made me an Offer of Lodging and Board at her Houſe, *gratis*; and has got a School-Houſe put in Order, for my teaching Children. Thus happily am I ſituated at preſent, in the Midſt of Plenty: But it ſeems, that I ſhall not be ſuffered to ſtay here long; for the Preachers ſeem determined to have me out to travel, ſhortly; but as to that, I am at the Diſpoſal of the Lord, and willing to ſpend and be ſpent for my dear Maſter. There is a glorious Proſpect of a great Harveſt here: Thouſands are converted, and there is a Proſpect of thouſands more. I deſire, that my kind Reſpects may be given to thoſe who have aſſiſted me in my Diſtreſs; and as for you, I am perſuaded, that the bleſſed Lord will fully reward your Labour of Love, for being an Inſtrument of freeing me from four Years Servitude; by which, I believe, I ſhall ſpend the Time in a more bleſſed Way. May the dear Lord bleſs your Labours abundantly, and fill you with divine Conſolation: He that hath loved will love you to the End.

From your affectionate,
And much obliged Friend,
T—— R——.

LETTER III.

Hartford County, *Meriland*. *Aug*. 26, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

I hope, you have received my laſt Letter to you, wherein I gave you an Account of the Dealings of the Lord with me in my Voyage, of my Arrival at *Baltimore*, with the Subſtance of what I met there, and of the great Mercy of the Lord, in reſtoring Peace and Joy to my Soul: This Account I ſent by a careful Captain, bound for *Briſtol*, as I then had no other Opportunity: As I hope, it came ſafe to hand, I ſhall only give you an Account of what paſſed ſince: And to begin, I inform you, that I continue at one of our Friend's Houſes, in the County of *Baltimore*, and occaſionally preach in different Places; and the Lord gave me great Favour in the Eyes of the People; ſo that many, who never took the Trouble of coming to hear Preaching before, made it their Buſineſs to come many Miles to hear me; and many felt the Power of the Lord. As to a School, I could get no open Door for ſome Time, although I ſought it diligently: In this Way, I continued moſt of the Summer; and it is incredible, what Art and Pains the Devil uſed to prevent my Uſefulneſs: Nevertheleſs, the Lord opened my Way, and enabled me to ſtand my Ground, looking to him; and at laſt, I am taken into Connexion, and now travel the Round; where, bleſſed for ever be the Name of my dear Maſter, I am greatly bleſſed, and aſſiſted; every Place where I go, I ſee manifeſt Tokens of his Goodneſs; the Lord is carrying on a glorious Work in this Land; their Numbers daily increaſe, whoſe Souls are truly alive to the Lord, and have already obtained ſuch a Meaſure of Grace, as that they are as ſettled in the Ways of the Lord, as if they had been twenty Years in the Way: And thoſe who ſtand out are convinced of the Truth of the Goſpel in general, only they are not yet made willing to give up all for the Lord. The only Thing that ſeems wanting here, is faithful, humble, gifted Men, who are willing to ſpend and be ſpent for *Chriſt*, in order to cauſe the whole Continent to embrace the Goſpel.

They are a People much given up to private Prayer; ſo that, in publick, they are ſolemn and cheerful, as alſo zealous for God; and thoſe who are poſſeſſed of Thouſands ſeem as devoted as if not worth any Thing; there ſeems, at preſent, a happy Diſpoſition among them: They are not ignorant of the different Opinions in Religion among Profeſſors; but they deſpiſe all Sentiments which do not tend to ſubdue their Hearts to the Obedience of *Chriſt:* And as Holineſs and Happineſs are nearly connected together, their only Ambition is to ſeek to have their Hearts moulded into the Image and Spirit of *Chriſt:* Oh! that this were more the Conteſt among Chriſtians; then, like the happy *Americans*, they would enjoy a more frequent Intercourſe with Heaven than they do.—My dear Friend, I can ſay to you, that though I often had many bleſſed Days and Hours in the Ways of the Lord, yet I never had ſo clear and frequent Manifeſtations of a Redeemer's Love, as I enjoy now. What I have ſuffered has given me ſuch a Sight of myſelf, that I am made willing to be any Thing in the Hands of my God, being convinced, that I am not worthy of any Thing but Hell; ſo that, every Token of Love from him is a Means of ſetting my Soul on Fire with Love to him. O divine Saviour, help me to praiſe thy Name, whoſe Love is without a Bottom or Shore. My former Affairs keep me humble and reſigned in my Station at all Times; his Love to me daily keeps me every Day happy; and a Senſe of my Weakneſs keeps me daily dependent on him. I ſee, that it is a great Thing to preach and live the Goſpel; and I am ſtirred up to ſeek a Power to live as ſolemn and devoted, at all Times, as when in the Pulpit. I find the Way of the Croſs ſweeter to me than I ever did before. I drink no Spirits, Water is my conſtant Drink; I ſee a vaſt Need of keeping my Body under, and of bringing it into Subjection; and though, at this Time, Numbers are in an afflicted State, the Heat of the Seaſon, being exceſſive, throws Numbers into Fevers and Fluxes; yet, through the Mercy of my God, I never enjoyed better Health in my Life; and my dear Maſter makes my Spirits ſo lively, that my glad Heart dances for Joy: Indeed, I want Words to expreſs how good the Lord is to a poor Worm; Glory be to his dear Name. I ſometimes think of my Wiſe and Children, and then Nature begins to work; but I am obliged to give them up to the Lord; however, I ſhould be glad to hear from them: I wiſh, it were in your Power to make any Enquiry, by Means of ſome of your Friends of *Briſtol*, about them, and to let me know ſomething concerning them. And now, my dear beſt of Friends, I cannot help often wondering at the great Love and Purpoſe of the Lord, in making you an Inſtrument of freeing me from four Years Slavery, through your Aſſiſtance, in paying my Paſſage, by which my Way is made clear to preach the Goſpel; whereas, the being bound four Years might have been my Ruin: Surely, I ſhall, while I live, reflect on your Kindneſs with Gratitude. May the Lord make your Labours ſucceſsful. O Sir, let the Zeal of the Lord of Hoſts conſtrain you to devote the whole of your Life to the Lord. A Miniſter ſhould have but one Buſineſs on Earth, the Salvation of Souls. I wiſh you all Happineſs; may your Chapel be the Houſe of God, and the Gate of Heaven; may the Glory of the Lord be revealed there, whenever you ſpeak for God: The Crown will recompenſe you abundantly for all your Labours. My kind Reſpects to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and her Daughter, *&c.* I wiſh them all Happineſs; and I truſt, that I ſhall not forget you all at the Throne of Grace: And I beg your Prayers for me, that I may ſpend the whole of my Life for the Lord, whoſe Love I now find to be the Object of all my Deſires; to love him, and to labour for him, be all my Wiſhes and Aims.

Yours, *&c.*

T——. R——.

LETTER IV.

Harbour-Grace, October 31, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

I Heartily thank you for your kind Letter, which convinced me, that you ſtill cared for my Soul. I felt my very Heart pained, when I found you was not to return; yet I could rejoice, and praiſe God, that he had fruſtrated the malicious Deſign of your Enemies, and had covered them with Shame. O Sir, I do ſenſibly feel the Want of you; I can truly ſay, I have often mourned for you with Tears. My dear Sir, you deſired, I would give you a particular Account, how the Lord firſt wrought upon my Soul, and how I go on; which I readily do, believing it to be my Duty to comply with your Requeſt. When I firſt heard you preach, I was an Enemy to God, and knew it not. I loved you from the firſt, and could not bear to hear you, or the Truth which you delivered, evil ſpoken of; yet your Preaching wrought no ſaving Change in me, till your Return from *England*; when, as I conſtantly attended the Means, the Word began to take Root, and Things appeared in a different Light. On *Chriſtmas-Day*, I ventured to go to theSacrament, with my Father and Mother; after you had repeatedly explained the Nature of it, and the Danger of unworthily Receiving,I was, in a Meaſure, convinced of Sin; yet I did not ſee, and feel, my loſt and undone State by Nature, till the Spring following; when the Lord ſent his Word with Power, as a two-edged Sword, to my Soul: I ſaw myſelf *wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked*; *having no Hope, and without God in the World:* I ſaw, and felt, I deſerved Eternal Damnation; and was conſtrained to cry out, *Lord, ſave, or I periſh.* The Enemy often ſuggeſted, I had ſinned away my Day of Grace, and it was in vain to pray, and that there was no Salvation for me. I was greatly diſtreſſed with blaſphemous Thoughts, and I thought, no Creature was ſo tempted as I was: Both you and Mrs. *Coughlan* prayed with, and for me; I continued in this great Diſtreſs of Soul, till *Thurſday* in *Whitſun Week*; but when I was praying to the Lord, this Text came with Power to my Soul, *Try me, and ſee, if I will not pour in a Bleſſing, ſo as there ſhall not be Room enough to hold it.* I ſuddenly felt my Diſtreſs removed, and I could rejoice in the God of my Salvation; my Heart leaped for Joy, and my Eyes were filled with Tears; I thought, I could ſay before all the World, that God, for *Chriſt*'s Sake, had forgiven my Sins: I felt my Heart ſo full of Love, that I could not help ſpeaking of it; but was conſtrained to tell my Friends; and I earneſtly longed to ſee you, to tell you what the Lord had done for my Soul. In my *firſt Love*, I was zealous for God, and often wondered what St. *John*, in the *Revelation*, meant by *leaving the firſt Love*; but, by woful Experience, I now know what it means; had I not left my *firſt Love*, I might have been further on in my Journey: O Sir, I am aſhamed, when I look back, to ſee what a Loiterer I have been, and how little Glory I have brought to God; ſurely he might juſtly have for ever withdrawn the Comforts of his Holy Spirit from me; but, what ſhall I ſay? He is a God of tender Mercy; I ſtill find him gracious; he is a God of tender Mercy, *forgiving Iniquity, Tranſgreſſion, and Sin.* I do this precious Moment feel, that I love him; would to God, every Thing contrary to his divine Will in me was done away. I ſee the great Neceſſity of Holineſs; and, bleſſed be God, I feel as great Diſtreſs, at Times, for Sanctification, as ever I did for Juſtification: I know, that *the Will of God is my Sanctification*; I feel, that nothing ſhort of Holineſs will do. *Lord Jeſus*, make me holy; give me that *Faith which overcometh the World*, and that *Love which is ſtronger than Death.* My dear Sir, I beg an Intereſt in your Prayers, that you may with Joy give me up at the Great Day. I ſtill continue to meet the Women, according to your Deſire; but, O dear Sir, I feel myſelf very unfit for a Leader, and often think, that all who make a Profeſſion live nearer to God than I do; and when I ought to be a Teacher of others, that I have need of ſome one to teach me.—We meet as uſual, on *Fridays* at Mrs. *Martin*'s, and on *Sabbath* Evenings at my Father's and Brother's, where poor *W*—— preaches.—Poor *M*—— *B*——, and *I*——, *Demas* like, have forſaken us, *having loved this preſent evil World*; they have never met ſince you left us. And what ſhall I ſay of poor Mrs. *P*——, her Walk is diſorderly, and ſhe ſeldom attends the Meetings; I am very doubtful of her: The reſt conſtantly attend, and, I believe, are very ſincere.—My dear Sir, you can hardly conceive the Diſtreſs that I ſometimes feel for want of your godly Inſtructions and Advice; knowing my own Unfaithfulneſs, and my great Ignorance, it often bows me down. I beg your particular Direction how to proceed, in future, with reſpect to the Meetings; I deſire to be obedient. None but God and my own Soul know how glad I ſhould be to ſee you: My Soul would fly, if poſſible, to hear the Goſpel Trumpet ſounded by you: Oh! Sir, when I conſider, how often I have been bleſſed under your Preaching, it melts me into Tears, now I am deprived of the Happineſs: I often mourn for the bleſſed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*; I do deſire to *ſhew forth* my *Lord's Death, till he come*: I truſt, he will ſupply the Lack of all Means to my Soul, and enable me to fly to him, in every Time of Trial. I deſire continually to be taught, by the Teachings of the bleſſed Spirit; for if left to myſelf, but for a Moment, I am ready to fall into Evil of every Kind. Well might *Jeremiah* ſay, *The Heart is deceitful above all Things, and deſperately wicked, who can know it?* I can truly ſay, my greateſt Enemies are within; I feel an evil Heart of Unbelief, ever bent to backſlide from God; I long to be delivered from the Remains of inbred Sin, and to have the whole Image of God ſtamped upon my Soul, and every Deſire brought into Subjection to *Chriſt*. May the bleſſed *Jeſus* enable me patiently to wait, till all his Will be done in me. My dear Sir, I hope, you will continue to pray for me; my poor Prayers ſhall not be wanting for you. May you ever *cry aloud, and ſpare not*; *lift up your Voice as a Trumpet*; *ſhew the People their Tranſgreſſions, and the Houſe of Iſrael their Sins.* That the Lord may daily add Souls to your Miniſtry, and at laſt crown you with immortal Glory, is the Prayer of your affectionate, though unworthy Daughter in *Chriſt*,

M—— S——.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Carbonear, 7th of January, 1774.

My very dear and Reverend Sir,

I Am favoured with this Opportunity to write a few Lines, and hope, this will find you, and dear Family, ſafe and well in *England*; after a pleaſant and edifying Paſſage through the mighty Waters: May he that holds them in the Hollow of his Hand hold, ſupport, bleſs, protect, guide and direct you, and yours; and may a double Portion of the dear Redeemer's Spirit be upon you, enabling you to blow the Goſpel Trumpet very loud, in every Place where God calls you forth. But, Oh! to think of never having you this Way again is very Heart-breaking; but I believe, your Work is done here, and God is now calling you to greater Work ſtill. And when I conſider, how you have laboured and toiled for a Parcel of poor unworthy Rebels, in this inclement Region, I am covered with Shame, to think that I am no better, no further advanced onward; and ſtill I am no better than a withered

withered Branch, notwithſtanding the Cloud was with us ſeven Years, out of which the Lord gave us Rain from Heaven, and fruitful Seaſons. What an Account have I to make for all thoſe Goſpel Bleſſings that I have enjoyed, for all theſe Goſpel Showers, ſhould I be found without Fruit at laſt! Surely the Lord will not ſend you this Way again; no, we are unworthy of ſuch a Favour; no, God may juſtly make our Habitations as the Mountains of *Gilboa*, where there are no Dews; but Glory to him in the Higheſt, who commandeth the Clouds above, and openeth the Windows of Heaven; he it is that heareth Prayer; and this is the Privilege of God's poor Children in the Wilderneſs, that they have the Prayers of all God's faithful Miniſters for them: Pray therefore, my dear Sir, repeatedly, to him *that giveth the Increaſe*, that he would open the Windows of Heaven, and remember and refreſh this parched Wilderneſs, wherein we live, with continual Showers of his Grace; and that not one of thoſe whom God hath given to your Miniſtry may be loſt: And, Oh! that we may every one of us meet you in Heaven, and be preſented by you to our dear *Immanuel*, and hear you ſay, *Behold me, bleſſed Jeſus,* *and thoſe thou didſt give me* in *Newfoundland. Amen.* Dear Sir, I hope, you will go through, and face all your *Newfoundland* Enemies, in the Strength of *Chriſt*, who will fight all your Battles for you, and bring you off more than Conqueror: It is his Cauſe, therefore fear not. I ſuppoſe, they will, Devil-like, be aſhamed to appear openly againſt you, and would be glad, if you were ſilent; but out with thoſe Serpents, out of the Graſs, and expoſe them; not that we mind what wicked Men can do, or ſay, againſt us; but let God's Cauſe be glorified, and his dear Children in *England* be unprejudiced; I want all the World to know, and be aſſured, that you are a Prophet ſent of God, a faithful Miniſter of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which, Glory be to *Jeſus*, myſelf and a great many more have happily experienced. Dear Sir, as ſoon as you left us, the *Harbour-Grace* Scribes and Phariſees occupied *Moſes*'s Seat; *G*—— and *G*—— have crept into the Church: *The Enemy came and ſowed Tares:* One preaches one *Sunday*, and the other another; and they intend to keep Poſſeſſion, until a Miſſonary comes out: The firſt Sermon Mr. *G*——— preached was at the Funeral of poor *J*——*S*——, who was found drowned at the Wharf, a little after you ſailed, the ſame Morning; the Subject of the Sermon run on the Reſpect, Obedience and Homage, that People ought to pay to Magiſtrates, *&c.* And I am ſorry to tell you, that ſeveral of thoſe that were for a Time of your Flock are turned over to their Doctrine, *viz.* all the *S*——, and ſome others, at *Harbour-Grace.* But, bleſſed be the Lord, I have good News to write you, from your little Church, at *Carbonear*, that, notwithſtanding our Proneneſs to ſtray, and being without you, yet the Lord does meet and bleſs us there; ſo that, I am ſure, you are continually praying for, and with us; and although abſent in the Fleſh, yet we are often preſent in Spirit. Oh! Grace, Grace, Oh! bleſſed Goſpel, Oh! bleſſed Truths, Oh! bleſſed Word and Spirit, that point out a crucified Saviour, the Son of God, lifted up for us: This, my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, is the Center of our Union, although we are ſeparated, and diſperſed into the uttermoſt Corners of the Wilderneſs; no Wonder then, that we are preſent in the Spirit. *Chriſt lifted up ſhall draw all Nations unto him.* I do often wonder with myſelf, how I ſhould have any Love for, or Acquaintance with all that love *Jeſus Chriſt*, even as though I was familiar with them, although I never ſaw them in the Fleſh, yet, by this bleſſed Union, I ſee them all, and enjoy happy and comfortable Moments with them that I never ſaw in the Body: All the dear Children of God, in this World, throughout the Earth, ſeem preſent with me; much more you, my dear and Reverend Father in *Chriſt*, who have laboured hard, and travelled in Birth for ſuch a poor Hell-deſerving Sinner as I am; may our heavenly Father give you his Bleſſing; even as the Bleſſings of *Jacob*, on the Head of *Joſeph*, ſo, and more, may the bleſſed *Jeſus* beſtow upon you. My dear Sir, we had a bleſſed watering Seaſon, on *Chriſtmas-Day*, at our Love-Feaſt, in the Church, and a gracious out-pouring of the Spirit amongſt us; I do aſſure you, the Lord was with us of a Truth; ſuch a Time we have not had ſince your firſt coming amongſt us (ſave the firſt two Years) not one, but was broken down; ſome cried out; others having their Cups running over: The gracious Redeemer made it a Love-Feaſt indeed, and turned our Water into Wine; and you, my dear Sir, was preſent upon all our Hearts, in a particular Manner that Day. Oh! that I had Power from on High, that I could once venture out into the High Ways, without Crutches, and call in poor Sinners to feaſt with ſuch a merciful Saviour; but my Faculties are deſtroyed by a long Courſe of Sin and Vice, that to me it ſeems impoſſible, that ever I ſhould do any ſuch great Work for *Chriſt:* However, I hope, he will make me willing to do what I am capable of, and make me any Thing, or Nothing, ſo that I may glorify him, and be his humble Servant ſtill. Dear Sir, if it ſhould not be the Will of God to ſend you out again; pray be aſſured, if you ſend any one to us, that he may be an experienced Soldier of *Jeſus Chriſt*; otherwiſe, it is better for us to be as we are; for our God doth bleſs us in our little ſhort Comings: I think, if you ſend one, he muſt be endued with no little Share of Spiritual Gifts, to build upon anothers Foundation: God direct for the beſt, I hope he will keep us until that Time: And, dear Sir, whether you or any other ſhould come, let us be directed by you how to proceed, that we may not let all drop; the *Lord Jeſus* forbid, that we ever ſhould be content with a formal Profeſſion.—My dear Sir, all our dear Friends deſire their Love to you.—This is our Meeting Night, and I hope, the bleſſed *Jeſus* will meet and bleſs us. — I am obliged to conclude for want of Room.

Yours, *&c.*

T—— *P*——.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

November 2, 1774.

Harbour-Grace, Newfoundland.

SIR,

I Muſt begin this Letter, by ſaying, that you will wonder to receive this from me; however with Men Things are impoſſible, with God all Things are poſſible; Evidences ſufficient, to ſhew his Almighty Power, *who commanded the Light to ſhine out of Darkneſs.* Dear Sir, among the Number that will be taking this Opportunity, of declaring *the Love of God ſhed abroad in their Hearts,* and of glorifying his holy and bleſſed Name, for the Manifeſtation of his Love to them, and the comfortable Influence of his Holy Spirit, I am conſtrained to own, and gladly declare, that he ſeems very precious to my poor ſequeſtered Soul, that was ſo long eſtranged from him; that his Long-ſuffering has at laſt touched the Heart that was once hardened againſt the moſt endearing Calls of his Holy Spirit. Oh! my dear Friend, I believe you often lifted up your Heart and Eyes to that all-lovely and bleſſed Saviour, with ardent Interceſſions for me, who cruelly abuſed his Mercy, and trampled under Foot the ſilent Convictions of an awakening Conſcience. Bleſſed be thy holy Name, thou dear *Immanuel*, who haſt plucked me as a Brand from the Burning: Oh! grant, that the Prayers of my Friend may co-operate with my poor imperfect Ones, for the Increaſe of thy Love, and that Faith which worketh by Love. It has pleaſed the Father of Mercies, to give his Son a few out of the World; a few, I truſt, that will gather more Sons to Righteouſneſs. I am but a Probationer, and young in the School of *Chriſt*; but a Week Yeſterday, that I found my Heart giving way to the ſweet Calls of that dear Redeemer, and warming it with humble Adoration for his Loving-kindneſs: It was, when all had told the bleſſed Experience they had of the divine Love ſhed abroad in their Hearts, when I ſet ſelf-condemned, without a Wedding Garment, juſtly convicted of my Unworthineſs; ſince which, I praiſe the Almighty Power, that cut my Bonds aſunder, and looſened me from the Fetters of Sin and Death: Oh! that I may be enabled to ſet forth his Praiſe, and declare his Loving-kindneſs more and more. *Amen.*——I had the Pleaſure of reading your Letter to poor *W——H——*, and it gave me great Satisfaction; he is a very ſerious and true Chriſtian, and labours indefatigably in the Gift he has obtained; I truſt, his Talent will gain many Tens. As you have Accounts from many Hands, you will hear every Particular; my Hurry will not admit of my enlarging: I am going to ſail for Home To-Morrow, God willing.

I am,

Your moſt humble,

And obedient Servant,

W—— L——.

LETTER VII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

REVEREND SIR,

I Hope, that this Letter will find you poſſeſſed of every Thing that can make you happy here, and filled with that Peace which the World cannot give, or ever take away. Suffer me, dear Sir, with the reſt of your Friends in theſe Parts, to acquaint you with the Work of God upon my Soul. When I firſt heard you preach, I went and ſearched the Scriptures, to find if theſe Things were ſo; and I found, that your Preaching and the Word of God agreed: Then I began to conſider, what State I was in; and the Lord was pleaſed to ſhew me, that I was an helpleſs Sinner. One Day, when employed at my ordinary Buſineſs, I ſuddenly felt a Depreſſion of Spirit, and all the Sins I had ever committed ſtared me inſtantly in the

Face; about one Week, I felt this guilty Load, and I conſtantly prayed to be delivered from it: The Lord heard my Prayer, and ſet my Soul at Liberty. I cannot ſay, that I felt any ſudden or inſtantaneous Change; but I found the Burden gradually remove, and the Love of *Jeſus* overſpread my Soul: However, I can now ſay, in full Aſſurance of Faith, that *Jeſus loved me, and gave himſelf for me:* I find him very precious to me; and I do know, that *God, for Chriſt's Sake, has forgiven all my Sins.* Bleſſed be God, I have been called to ſuffer Affliction in this Life; I am almoſt in continual Anguiſh, in conſequence of a broken Limb, that was badly ſet; yet, in the Midſt of my Pains, I can *rejoice in the Lord, and triumph in the God of my Salvation.*—At preſent, I have a Perſuaſion, that my Time here below is ſhort; and I bleſs God, I am ready whenever the Meſſenger comes. The Ground of my Perſuaſion is this; about ſix Weeks paſt, my Wife informed me, that ſhe heard the moſt extraordinary and charming Muſick in the World, and that ſhe heard it continually while awake; her Words ſeemed to me as idle Tales, and I would not be perſuaded, but that it was mere Fancy or Imagination, till, at laſt, about three Weeks paſt, I began to hear the ſame myſelf; ſince which Time, it is my conſtant Attendant, while I am awake; in what Place ſoever I am, it is with me continually: It is different from all other Muſick that ever I heard, and is moſt like the Sound of an Organ, according to the Deſcription I have heard given of Organs; the Sounds are many and various; the Tunes, which are Pſalm or Hymn Tunes, "with many a Preamble "ſweet," are truly Heavenly; ſo that, if a Pauſe is made in it, but a Minute, I ſeem dejected for want of it: This makes me think, that I ſhall ſoon be ſet at Liberty from this Houſe of Clay, and delivered from the cumbrous Clod that now bows down my Spirit with Anguiſh.— I hope, you will not look upon what I have ſaid as wild and extravagant, for I ſolemnly declare, in the Preſence of God, that it is the very Truth.—Glory be to my God, that ever I heard your Voice; receive my Thanks; and may my God give you his Bleſſing.—I hope to ſee you in the Realms of Bliſs, and to welcome you into the Manſions of everlaſting Repoſe; till then, Adieu: Continue faithful unto Death, and your Maſter will give you a Crown of Life.

Yours, *&c.*

James Noſeworthy.

N. B. The above extraordinary Account was related by *James Noſeworthy*, and corroborated by the Teſtimony of his Wife, in the Meetings; and every Particular, nearly, as expreſſed above, came from his Lips, and was wrote by

John Stretton.

LETTER VIII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

DEAR and REVEREND SIR,

THIS comes to you, with my ſincere Affection, and, I hope, it will find you in Proſperity of Soul and Body. Though your Work in this Land is at an end, yet ſome of the Fruits of it do remain, and, I truſt, will prove the Crown of your rejoicing in the Great Day of our Lord and Saviour; then, I hope, I ſhall be of the Number, and prove one of the Seals to your Miniſtry. My Experience is as follows: I had my Education in *New-England*, in a religious Family, and was early taught the Fear of the Lord; in this Fear, I was preſerved; and, by the reſtraining Grace of God, I was kept from the groſs Pollutions that are in the World. At laſt, it pleaſed the Lord to ſend you into theſe Parts, and I praiſe my God for his Mercy in ſending you. When I firſt heard you, my Heart rejoiced: When the Sound, the bleſſed Sound of the Goſpel reached my Ear, it ſoon found a way to my Heart; and I clearly ſaw, that no partial outward Righteouſneſs would avail me; then I mourned and grieved for my Sins, and ſought continually for Occaſions, in private, to pour out my Griefs before the Lord: Thus I went on a long Time; but my God, at laſt, comforted me. One Evening, while my Huſband was reading the Scriptures in our Family, the Lord broke in upon my Soul, and I felt his Love overflow my Heart ſuddenly, it flaſhed in upon my Soul like Lightning; and I felt a Comfort and Joy that no Words can expreſs.—Since this Time, I frequently feel a Return of the ſame Heavenly Fire, ſometimes in private, ſometimes in publick, when I draw near unto the Lord.—Glory be to my God for his Free-Grace, I yet enjoy the Comforts of his Preſence; and, I hope, I ſhall ſoon enjoy it in full Fruition to all Eternity.—My dear Sir, I cannot refrain from acquainting you with what I hourly experience: About ſix Weeks paſt, on a Night, when in Bed, ſuddenly I heard the moſt charming Muſick in the World; no Tongue can expreſs the divine Harmony of it; and when it firſt began, I thought, as it played, it expreſſed theſe

Words, " All your Sins forgiven." This Expreſſion was continually, for a conſiderable Time, repeated in Concert with the Muſick. When I told my Huſband what I heard, he would not believe me; but, ſhortly after, he was convinced that it was the Truth, for he heard it himſelf. The Tunes are Pſalm and Hymn Tunes, which it plays; and it conſiſts of Baſs, Treble, and Tenour: Sometimes it plays exceeding ſoft; then again it raiſes, and plays exceeding loud; ſometimes the Treble and Tenour Parts play alone; then the Baſs ſtrikes in, and accompanies them; in ſhort, no Tongue can deſcribe the delightful Harmony of it. For my Part, I am enraptured with it; and, as I believe it to be a delightful Summons to me, I the more rejoice. How do I ſometimes long to be diſſolved, to be with *Chriſt*, to join this heavenly Muſick, in ſinging the Praiſes of my God, and the Lamb for ever and ever.—All my Family deſires to be remembered to you, particularly my Son *John.*—I hope to meet you at God's Right Hand, and ſpend with you a happy Eternity. I am, Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate Daughter
in *Chriſt Jeſus*,
Jane Noſeworthy.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

SIR,

I Have been very particular in what reſpects Mrs. *Noſeworthy*'s Account of this extraordinary Muſick; I have aſked ſo many Queſtions, and been ſo minute in my Inquiry, that I at laſt believe it is the very Truth, as related above (you know I am not very credulous:) I have wrote the Account as near her own Words as I could. I am,

Your Friend,

John Stretton.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

DEAR Mr. *COUGHLAN,*

SIR,

AGREEABLE to your Deſire, I ſend you my Experience; but had much rather tell it to you, Face to Face, than write: But alas, the happy Days are at an end, when we uſed to converſe with you: We ſhall no more receive your godly Admonitions and Inſtructions; no more hear you proclaim the everlaſting Goſpel; and no more receive the bleſſed Sacrament at your Hands: We often lament, and, if poſſible, would wiſh a Return of the happy Days that are paſt. My Experience is as follows: The Goſpel came with Power from your Lips, and reached the Hearts of my Family; our Eyes were all opened, as you may remember, at the ſame Time: For my Part, I ſaw myſelf as a loſt ſinful Worm, utterly unworthy of Mercy; and many a Tear I ſhed, and many an aching Heart I had, before the God of my Salvation ſet me at Liberty; above twelve Months I groaned under the Laſhes of a guilty Conſcience, and the Terrors of the Law. One Evening, when muſing on my wretched Condition, in my own Houſe, and while I was lamenting my undone State, the Lord broke in upon my Soul, with theſe Words, "*Fear not*, "*only Believe*." The Clouds were now diſperſed; I was filled with Love; my heavy Burden was removed; I felt myſelf lifted above my Griefs; and I did believe, that God, for *Chriſt*'s Sake, had forgiven all my Sins. I rejoiced thus in the Lord, about a Week; and then the Enemy came in as a Flood, and perſuaded me, that I was deceived, that all was a Deluſion, and that I had not received Pardon, or Conſolation, as yet. Six Weeks, the Enemy thus blinded my Eyes, oppreſſed my Spirits, and overwhelmed me in Diſtreſs: Oh! what Anguiſh of Spirit was I in, until the *Lord Jeſus* again delivered me. On a *Sabbath-Day*, when returning from the Holy Sacrament, filled with Anguiſh, and perplexing Doubts and Fears, ſuddenly I felt myſelf delivered; my Doubts were all diſperſed, and I was filled with Love: Oh! how did my Heart rejoice; then I defied my Adverſary, and could, with full Aſſurance of Faith, call *Jeſus* Lord. Since this Time, bleſſed be God, I have been kept by the Power of Free-Grace, and I may truly ſay,

" Oh! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
" Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be;
" May that Grace, ſtill, like a Fetter,
" Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee."

This, in ſum, is my Experience. Oh! that the Remembrance of my Lord's Goodneſs may excite me to continue faithful unto him, and cleave cloſer and cloſer unto my God. We are not likely to meet again in the Fleſh, but, I hope, we ſhall meet where parting ſhall be no more. I am, with true Reſpect,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Daughter,

in *Chriſt Jeſus*,

M—— P——.

LETTER X.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

My very dear Mr. COUGHLAN,

I Am yet among the Sons of Men, yet in the Land of the Living; calmly waiting my good Maſter's Pleaſure; ready, whenever he is pleaſed to ſign my Releaſe from this Houſe of Clay. I here ſend you my Experience, and, I hope, the Account will prove a Bleſſing to many: From my Youth up, I was moral, and regular in my Converſation, of a ſober, reſerved Diſpoſition; yet totally blind to my Corruption by Nature, till the merciful Lord ſent you into this Place, to preach the everlaſting Goſpel. Glory for ever be to my God, that I heard the joyful News from your Lips, which has proved mighty to the pulling down of Strongholds. The firſt Time I heard you preach, I was convinced of Sin; the Truth found a way to my Heart, and I ſaw and felt my loſt Condition by Nature; and my whole

Life appeared a Blot: I ſaw, that I had never done one good Action all my long Life; and my Grief was great and ſore, that ever I offended a good, an infinitely good God: I laboured under this Diſtreſs of Soul near two Years; during which Time, I ſought the Lord earneſtly with Tears, Night and Day; and you know, that I conſtantly attended the Means of Grace whenever I could. At laſt, it pleaſed God to manifeſt his pardoning Love to me, and to comfort my afflicted Heart. Many Times, I intended to go and open the State of my Soul to you, but ſtill ſomething hindered; I have been on the way to you, and then again returned back; at laſt, I went to your Houſe, and opened the State of my Soul to you, and you prayed with and for me; the ſame Evening, when I left your Houſe, there was a heavy Load upon my Spirit, and I went ſlowly on my way Home, heavy and dejected; but before I reached my own Houſe, it pleaſed the Lord to ſhine upon my Soul, and I was ſuddenly *filled with Joy and Peace in believing:* I found my Heart enlarged, and lifted up in Praiſe and Thankſgiving; and I went to my Houſe rejoicing. Here was an Inſtance of amazing Mercy, for I was about ſeventy

Years old, when this Miracle of healing was performed in me. Oh! how ſhall I praiſe the God of my Salvation? How ſhall I return the Honour due unto the Name, the all-prevailing Name of *Jeſus?* I am ſure, I have Reaſon to bleſs God, that ever I ſaw your Face, or ever heard the Sound of your Voice, for you was the Meſſenger of Peace, to my Soul. Oh! that my God may ſhower down Bleſſings on your Head here, and reward you with an enduring Inheritance in Heaven. Glory be to my God, I am yet enabled to rejoice in him; and, I hope, ere long, my tedious Pilgrimage will be at an end, and that I ſhall be called to ſee the King in his fair Beauty, to triumph for ever in his Preſence, and to live and reign with him, through a happy Eternity. Give my Love and beſt Reſpects to dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and believe me to be, in Sincerity and Truth,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Daughter,

in *Chriſt Jeſus*,

M—— M——.

LETTER XI.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

Dear Sir,

I Did not receive your Letter of the 13th of *April*, till the Beginning of *October*, and I was heartily glad to hear from you, but was truly ſorrowful, when I conſidered, that I ſhall ſee your Face no more; however, I am rejoiced, when I conſider, that you are happy, and out of the Power of your Enemies. Agreeable to your Deſire, I here acquaint you with the Work of God upon my Soul: You have heard, no doubt, that I have lived a regular Life from my Youth up; through the reſtraining Grace of God, I was preſerved from the many Pollutions of the Place wherein I was born; and I endeavoured to ſerve God in the beſt Manner I was able. I heard you preach often, before I was convinced that your Preaching concerned me: I did not ſee my Need of a Saviour: I thought my own Righteouſneſs was ſufficient for me: At laſt, it pleaſed God to open my Eyes, by Means of your preaching from theſe Words, *Let the Wicked forſake his Way, and the Unrighteous Man his Thoughts; and return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy upon him, &c.* The Words were directly applicable to my State; I ſaw clearly, that if I was not Wicked, yet I was Unrighteous, and wanted a Saviour as much as any one. When my Eyes were opened, how aſtoniſhed was I to find, that all my Righteouſneſs was as filthy Rags, was hateful in the Sight of a pure and holy God. I mourned, I lamented, and prayed continually to my God, to open my Eyes yet more and more, and lead me in the Way of Truth. Thus I ſtrove, and prayed near three Months; and then, at a publick Meeting, the Lord was pleaſed to give me an Aſſurance of his Love: After this, I began to doubt of the Reality of my Converſion, and prayed for a clearer Evidence of Pardon and Acceptance: My good Lord heard and anſwered, and gave me an Evidence ſhortly after, at another publick Meeting, clear as the Meridian Sun; then, I could truly ſay, that *Jeſus* was *precious* to my Soul; that he was *altogether lovely*, and that his Righteouſneſs alone *(imputed* and *imparted)* was ſufficient for me. Glory be to his great Name, I yet find him near; he is my only Comfort and Delight; the Joy and Deſire of my Heart.—I feel myſelf greatly attached to you, it was you that was the Meſſenger of Peace to my Soul; and I can aſſure you, if I was not ſo much advanced in Years as I am, that I would gladly undertake a Voyage to *England*, for no other Purpoſe, but to ſee your Face once more in the Fleſh; but as it is improbable that we ſhall meet again in the Body, I truſt, we ſhall at laſt meet in the Realms of Bliſs and Glory, to part no more. My Love to dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miſs *Betſey*; may you and they long enjoy Happineſs and Comfort in your native Land, and arrive at laſt in the Haven of Eternal Reſt, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

Son and Servant,

in *Chriſt Jeſus*,

J—— P——.

LETTER XII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

DEAR SIR,

IT rejoiced my Heart, to hear your Letter read in our Meeting, laſt Spring; but, I am ſure, I was grieved, to hear that you was not to come to us again. Lord, help us, we are left *as Sheep, without a Shepherd.* Oh! that the Lord may ſupply our Wants, for they are great. Agreeable to your Deſire, I ſend you an Account of my Converſion, which was as follows; I heard you preach a long Time, and uſed all the Means of Grace, before I was truly convinced of my loſt, undone State by Nature; and ſo ſtupid was I, and ignorant, that I laughed, and wondered, when I heard my Siſter talk of her being converted; and I did not believe, that ſhe was a Sinner great enough to need Converſion. At laſt, it pleaſed God to work upon my Soul: One Night, when coming from a publick Meeting, I was affrighted, and the Lord made uſe of it as a Means to awaken me; then, and not before, I ſaw myſelf loſt and undone; I found, I had as much Need of a Saviour, and of being converted, as any other Perſon whatſoever. I cried mightily to the Lord, and he heard me, and that ſoon; for the third Night after I felt myſelf a Sinner, as I was at Prayer, in my own Houſe, the Lord was pleaſed to break in upon my Soul, diſperſed all my Fears, and gave me Power to believe in him; my Heart was lifted up, and I was enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour; from that Time, which is now about three Years, my God has enabled me to cleave cloſer and cloſer unto him. Laſt Winter, it pleaſed the Lord to afflict me very ſore; the Fever raged in my Family, and two of my Children died of it: I loſt a Son, aged nineteen Years; and a Daughter, aged near ſeventeen Years; I hope, they both died happy. Bleſſed be God, he has given me Patience to endure Affliction; I conſider, that *whom the Lord loveth, he chaſteneth, and ſcourgeth every Son whom he receiveth.* My dear Sir, I requeſt your Prayers for me, that I may continue faithful unto Death;

that I may at laſt join you, with the reſt of God's dear Children, where Sorrow and Sighing ſhall be for ever done away.

I remain, with all Humility,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

And humble Servant,

J— J—.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN,*

DEAR SIR,

I Join myſelf to the Number of your Friends, to write to you; and muſt ſay, with the reſt, that I am rejoiced, and ſad; rejoiced, to hear of your Welfare; and ſad, to conſider, that you will not return to us again. May the Lord, who is the great Shepherd and Biſhop of Souls, reward you a thouſand-fold for your Labour of Love in theſe Parts, and may he ſend us another *Paſtor after his own Heart.* According to your Requeſt, I here ſend you an Account of the Work of God on my Soul: I heard you preach the everlaſting Goſpel near three Years, before I felt that I was a Sinner: I conſtantly attended the Means of Grace; but felt not the Power of Religion, till the Lord himſelf was pleaſed, at laſt, to open my Eyes;

then the Word came with Power to my Heart, and I ſaw and felt my loſt, undone Condition by Nature, and by Practice: I laboured under theſe Convictions about twelve Months, groaning earneſtly to be delivered; at laſt, it pleaſed the Lord to break in upon my Soul, in a very powerful Manner, when I was receiving the Holy Sacrament at your Hands; then, then, I found experimentally that His *Fleſh was Meat indeed*, and that His *Blood was Drink indeed*; my *Jeſus* did then feed my Soul with the Manna of his Love; I found the Burden removed that preſſed me down, my Heart was enlarged; and I can truly ſay, that I did then indeed rejoice in God my Saviour. Glory be to God, I yet feel, that *Jeſus* is precious to my Soul; he is yet with me, his Rod and his Staff do comfort me. I find, that all his Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all his Paths are Peace. Thanks be to my God for his Free-Grace, I ſtand; and I hope, through the ſame Almighty Power, that I ſhall be enabled to perſevere unto the End. Let me, with the reſt of your poor Children in theſe Parts, have an Intereſt in your Prayers; I am ſure, we often think of you, and we often preſent you in our Prayers before the Lord:

Oh! that he may hear our united Cries, and enable us to continue faithful unto Death, that we may all inherit a Crown of Life, and may at laſt meet, to enter with you into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Give my Love and beſt Reſpects to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miſs *Betſey*, and believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your real Friend,

And very humble Servant,

C——— *K*———.

LETTER XIV.

Reverend and dear Mr. Coughlan,

SIR, I have willingly embraced this Opportunity of acquainting you, that the Lord has ſtill preſerved me, as a Monument of his Mercies; he proves to me an indulgent Father, and a bountiful Benefactor: Oh! how doth he fulfil his Promiſes, in *pardoning Iniquities, Tranſgreſſions, and Sin.* I, who was a Brand plucked from the infernal Lake, how ought I to adore Free-Grace, who have experienced *Jeſus to be my Redeemer*, when Thouſands better than I are left faſt bound in the Chains of Sin and Miſery. But, O my dear Sir, what Reaſon have I to bluſh, and be aſhamed, when I review my After-Walk, who have ſo often abuſed the Goodneſs and Long-ſufferings of my dear *Jeſus*, who have ſo often trifled with his precious Blood! I verily believe, that I am the vileſt of all God's Children; for, believe me, Sir, I am ſtill a poor, weak, unprofitable Child: I, who ought to be a Teacher of others, am ſtill in need of a

Teacher; yet, O my dear Sir, I can ſay that *Jeſus* loves me! Is not this Grace upon Grace? I hope you will help me to praiſe God for his Mercy towards me: And, O my dear Sir, pray for me, that I may *endure to the End:* I truſt, that he who has *begun this good Work will never leave me nor forſake me.* May I ever *hold faſt whereunto I have already attained*, and never *draw back*, till I may be found complete in Glory, and ſing inceſſant *Hallelujahs* to God and the Lamb for ever. *Amen.*—Dear Sir, I deſire to be thankful for the Goodneſs of God, in conveying you ſafe to your deſired Port; and may *Jeſus* ever bleſs you from the upper and nether Spring; ſo prays your unworthy Daughter in the Goſpel,

E—— T——.

LETTER XV.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

My dear Sir,

I Received your Favour laſt Spring, and was rejoiced to hear of your ſafe Arrival in *London*; but was greatly diſtreſſed, when I found that you was not to return to us again. I felt the Want of you in the Winter, yet had ſome Hopes that you would return; but when I found you muſt ſtay, my Hopes were blaſted, and I mourned, as though you were dead, or as though ſome Evil had happened unto you; yet, in the Midſt of my Diſtreſs, I found the Lord (who is the only Help in Time of Need) was my Comfort and Conſolation, my Strength and my Stay. Agreeable to your Deſire, I here ſend an Account, how I was brought to God, through the Miniſtration of the glorious Goſpel, which has proved *the Power of God unto Salvation* to my Soul: My Life, before you came to this Land, was regular; and I hoped to be ſaved by the Merit of my Works; nor do I know, that I was truly awakened, until the Winter that you firſt went from this Place to *England*; then it pleaſed the Lord to open my Eyes, and I found, I was an Unbeliever, and had Need of a Saviour: But on *Chriſtmas-Day*, when you firſt adminiſtered the Holy Sacrament in *Harbour-Grace*, I felt the Weight and Burden of my Sins; I ſaw my great Unworthineſs to receive the Holy Communion, and was ſo oppreſſed with Awe and Terrour, as I approached the Table, that I ſunk down; and I know not to this Hour, how I received the ſacred Elements. From this Time, I felt ſtrong Convictions (which were often ſo violent, that I could hardly bear up under them) until the twelfth Day of *February* following; on that Night, when returning from a publick Meeting, I felt myſelf ſo vile and wretched, that I was conſtrained often to fall on my Knees in the publick Path, and cry for Mercy; but before I reached my own Houſe, the Lord *Jeſus* broke in upon my Soul, took away the heavy Load that bowed me down, and I went on my Way rejoicing. I can, by no Means, deſcribe the amazing Alteration which I ſuddenly felt; I was happy, my Night was turned into Day, my Hell was changed to a Heaven. Since that Time, bleſſed be God, I ſtand; and, in the Strength of *Jeſus*, I am enabled to *fight the good Fight of Faith:* Oh! that I may be enabled to endure unto the End. I find, my *Jeſus* is ſtill precious to my Soul; he lifts my ſinking Spirits in every Affliction, and is better to me than all the World. I requeſt an Intereſt in your Prayers, you always have an Intereſt in mine. Oh! may we meet where Prayer is loſt in Praiſe, and Parting is no more.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate Daughter,

C—— A——.

LETTER XVI.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

SIR,

I Hope, you will favourably receive a Letter from my Hands, though I am an unworthy Follower of the dear Lord *Jeſus*. You expreſſed ſome Fears about me in your Letter, and I confeſs that they were not groundleſs; for I find myſelf often halting by the Way, and I may ſay, that if I had not been a Loiterer, I might have been further on in my heavenly Journey. You deſired all thoſe who had a Work of God wrought upon their Soul to write their Experience, and ſend it you. In Obedience to your Command, I, among the reſt, give you an Account of the Work of God upon my Soul, which was as follows: All my youthful Days were ſpent in Vanity and very Wickedneſs; I exceeded all my

Neighbours in Iniquity, and gloried in my Shame; as laſt, it pleaſed God to awaken me, under a remarkable Sermon of yours, in *Carbonear*, on theſe Words, *Let the Wicked forſake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts, &c.* The Word came with Power to my Soul; I ſaw myſelf wicked and abominable, and wondered that my God was ſo kind, as to offer Pardon to ſuch a Rebel as I had been. The Conviction followed me, and increaſed more and more, till my Sins became a Grief, and Burden too heavy for me to bear: Near twelve Months, I groaned under the Laſhes of a guilty Conſcience, and then it pleaſed my dear Redeemer to have Mercy upon me. One Night, being at Prayer with our Friends in a private Meeting, the Lord *Jeſus* ſet my Soul at Liberty, and gave me an Aſſurance of his Love; he ſhewed me, that great as my Sins had been, yet that he was able and willing to pardon, and receive me into Favour. Oh! how was I aſtoniſhed at his gracious Condeſcenſion; I ſunk down, overwhelmed with a Senſe of my very great Unworthineſs; and remained trembling, and overpowered with Wonder, till our Friends came and raiſed me from my Knees. After this, I had ſome

Doubts of my Acceptance; the Enemy would have perſuaded me, that all was a Deluſion; and my Lord hid his lovely Face from me: Oh! what did I ſuffer in the Abſence of my Lord; no Tongue can expreſs the Anguiſh of Soul I endured, while he concealed himſelf from me: However, he did not leave me long comfortleſs; he came to my Deliverance, diſperſed theſe Clouds, and all my Doubts vaniſhed. Glory be to my God, I yet enjoy the Comforts of his Preſence, can call *Jeſus*, Lord, and do ſtill feel him precious to my Soul. Oh! that I had the Tongue of an Angel, to praiſe the Name of my God for hisMercies to me: He plucked me as a Brand from the Burning; when I was in the high Road to Deſtruction, he ſtopped my Courſe, and led me into the Path of Life. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, though unworthy

Son and Servant,

J—— M——.

LETTER XVII.

November 4, 1774.

My dear Mr. *Coughlan*,

AS I ſhould be always glad to hear from you, I would not let ſlip any Opportunity of writing to you, if Time would permit; and as Mr. *H*—— has been detained by contrary Winds, and I now have a little Leiſure, I gladly embrace it, to tell you how thankful I am to God, that you are well, and doing good in your Lord's Vineyard. Oh! my dear Sir, how merciful has our bleſſed Redeemer been to us poor Creatures here, that he ſhould, in ſo diſtinguiſhing a Manner, viſit us, by ſending the Light of his glorious Goſpel amongſt us; bleſſed be his holy Name, although, through my great Ingratitude, I am utterly unworthy, yet I find it to be the Power of God to the Salvation of my Soul: *I know, that my Redeemer liveth*, and he often comforts me with his divine Love; but my baſe ungrateful Heart, how ready is it to turn aſide from my altogether lovely Redeemer! How ready to receive and worſhip Idols! But though I find theſe Temptations ſtrong, yet Grace is ſtronger; my *Jeſus*, in his Power and Strength, enables me to reſiſt and conquer. O Sir, by the many Corruptions I feel, I know, that I have not made uſe of the Talent my Lord entruſted to my Care; I have not been faithful to Grace vouchſafed: But pray for me, that I may be enabled to ſet out afreſh, and trample all theſe Enemies to my Peace under my Feet; that my bleſſed *Jeſus* may be Lord and Ruler of every Thought, Word, and Action of mine. My dear Sir, how do I lament the Want of theſe refreſhing Seaſons, which I made but too light of, when frequently to be had. Oh! may our Lord ſend us a Teacher after his own Heart, that our Souls may be more abundantly fed; but though I ſhould have many Teachers, yet my Love for you would exceed them all: I never ſhall forget your Exhortations to me; for my Redeemer has bleſſed them to my Soul. I ſhould be very thankful indeed to ſee you, and dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, once more, and, I hope, that God in this Matter will grant my

Requeſt; but ſhould he not, I truſt, we ſhall meet where Parting ſhall be no more, where *Sabbaths* never end; but where there will be ceaſeleſs *Hallelujahs*, ſeeing *the Lamb, who hath redeemed us with his Blood, and made us Kings and Prieſts unto our God.* I hope, you do not forget me in your Prayers, that the Lord may grant me more Faith and Love, and make me *holy in all Manner of Converſation,* that I may conſtantly be enabled to *worſhip the Lord* my God *in Spirit and in Truth, with my Body and Spirit, which are his.*

I am, dear Sir,

Your unworthy, though

ſincere Friend, &c.

J—— T——.

LETTER XVIII.

Harbour-Grace, November 1, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

DEAR SIR,

AS I am deprived of the Happineſs of ſeeing you Face to Face, I gladly comply with your Deſire, in ſending you an Account of my Experience: When I firſt heard you preach, I was dead to God, *dead in Treſpaſſes and in Sins*; had no Notion of being *born again*, and did not ſee my wretched State by Nature and Practice: I conſtantly attended your preaching for about two Years, and all that Time, I was not convinced of my loſt State: At laſt, it pleaſed the Lord to lay me on the Bed of Affliction; Death ſtared me in the Face, and all my former Sins came to my Remembrance; I then ſaw my Need of a Saviour, and was conſtrained to cry mightily to God, that he would

ſave

ſave me from eternal Damnation: I ſaw myſelf fit for Hell and Deſtruction, and knew that, if I was not waſhed in the Blood of *Jeſus*, I could not be ſaved: I lay in this great Affliction of Body and Mind about ſix Weeks, as you may remember, Sir, for you often viſited me in my Affliction. One Morning, as I lay in great Weakneſs and Diſtreſs, it pleaſed my bleſſed Redeemer to viſit me; I felt my Diſtreſs removed, and my Soul filled with the Love of *Jeſus*; I thought myſelf wholly ſaved from Sin; the glorious *Sun of Righteouſneſs* did *ariſe with healing in his Wings:* From that Hour, I thought, I began to amend; I felt Peace in believing, and a Reſignation to the Will of God: But, Oh! dear Sir, what little Progreſs have I made! How ſhamefully have I turned aſide, and grieved that *Holy Spirit wherewith I was ſealed:* But, Glory be to my God, he hath had Mercy on me, and given me Grace to return; I do now deſire to be wholly given up to God, to be directed by him in all my Ways. I ſtill continue to meet with the reſt of our Friends; and I find, that the Meetings are bleſſed Means of Grace to my Soul: And I have Reaſon to praiſe God, that ever I ſaw your Face; for, under God, I owe my Salvation to you; and I truſt to meet you with Joy, when you have entered *into the Joy of your Lord.* I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

and Son in *Chriſt*,

J—— B——.

LETTER XIX.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Dear Mr. *COUGHLAN,*

SIR,

YOU already know my former Experience; yet, in compliance to your Deſire, I will again repeat it to you: You preached here near three Years, before the Word made any Impreſſion upon me; I found my Heart hard as the nether Milſtone, and felt not my guilty, fallen State; at laſt, the merciful Redeemer was pleaſed to open my Eyes, in a ſudden, and almoſt inſtantaneous Manner, when ſitting in my own Houſe; I was ſtruck with Surpriſe to ſee my fallen Condition; and Anguiſh filled my Heart, when I ſaw the Load of Guilt which bowed down my Soul: I cannot expreſs the Pain and Anguiſh I felt; for three Days ſucceſſively, I could find no Enjoyment in any Thing, and, I thought, my Pain and Diſtreſs of Soul was as great as if I had felt a Portion of Eternal Torments; but the third Day at Night, it pleaſed the Lord to take away the guilty Load, while I lay in Bed, reſtleſs and diſtreſſed; the Lord *Jeſus* kindly came to my Deliverance, and ſpoke Pardon and Peace to my Soul; the Change was ſo ſudden, that I was, as it were, confounded; I knew not what to ſay, or think; I knew, that I was full of Love, that my Pains and Anguiſh were all removed, and that I was willing, that Inſtant, to die; for I knew, that my Sins were pardoned, and that my God would receive me into his bleſſed Arms. Since this Time, I am enabled, by the Grace of my dear Redeemer, to ſtand; and I find, that I have many Enemies to encounter; but the greateſt Enemy, and Troubler of my Peace, is this vain, fooliſh World; ſometimes it almoſt overcomes me, and would draw my Heart from God, with its Deluſions, and anxious Cares; but, bleſſed be God, who *never leaves nor forſakes me*, he calls me by the gentle Whiſpers of his Spirit, and ſays, *Whither wilt thou go? I have the Words of Eternal Life.*—I hope, I ſhall continue faithful, even unto the End, and ſhall be *your Joy, and Crown of rejoicing, in the Great Day.* I requeſt an Intereſt in your Prayers, when you preſent your Children in theſe Parts before the Lord: And that we may all meet at laſt in the Realms of Bliſs and Glory is the Prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Son,

and humble Servant,

J—— S——.

LETTER

L E T T E R XX.

Freſh-Water, October 27, 1774.

My Dear and Honoured Father,

I, Your poor weak Child, now acquaint you with my Life, which, bleſſed be God, is pretty well at this preſent Time; for this Day, I have been very happy, as I was in the Woods. Glory be to our bleſſed and dear Redeemer, who is *always more ready to hear, than* poor Sinners are ready *to pray.* My dear Reverend Sir, I am, at Times, troubled with Fears and Doubts, that I ſhall be overcome by the Hands of *Saul*; but when I look unto the Lord, I know, that his *Grace is ſufficient for me*, and I am enabled to rejoice. My dear Father, the greateſt Enemy I have is my deceitful Heart; but, O my dear Sir, what a Bleſſing it is that we know it! One Thing I know, that the nearer I live to God, the more Temptations I find; but, for ever bleſſed be his holy Name, he finds a Way for me to withſtand them; but, O dear Sir, pray for me, that I may not be *caſt away*: I remember the Charge which you gave me, to meet you at the Right-hand of the Majeſty on high, which Words many Times prove a great Bleſſing to my poor Soul, to believe, that we ſhall meet in the Spirit, as there is no Likelihood of our meeting in the Fleſh. Oh! my dear Sir, I often perceive the Want of your Company; but, I hope, you will grant me my Deſire, which is, that you will pray for me, that I may hold out to the End; for it is a rough and thorny Road that we are walking in; but, I know, that the Lord will deliver us out of all our Troubles here below.

I am,

Your poor unworthy Child,

C—— N——.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

My Dear and Reverend Sir,

I, Your poor unworthy Child, greatly deſire, that you would be pleaſed to accept of theſe few Lines, with my Love to you and Family. I have been poorly theſe two Days paſt, but, bleſſed be God, I know, that *Chriſt* is my Saviour and Redeemer.

> " And patiently I'll wait awhile,
> " Till he on me in Mercy ſmile."

How often *hath he delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and my Feet from falling*, by ſeaſonable Preſervations! ſo that, I do yet *walk before him in the Land of the Living:* He hath reſcued me from the Brink of many a Precipice, which, through Ignorance, I did not apprehend or fear. When I knew not which Way to turn, he hath made my Path plain; but how little do I love my dear Saviour, who hath done ſo much for my Soul! for many a Time, I do not reprove Sin as I ought (more to my Shame) which makes me fear, that I am a Traitor to my God: But, bleſſed be his holy Name, that *he is ever near to thoſe that love and fear him.* I remember a ſweet Word, which dropped from your gracious Lips, which, I hope, will ever be impreſſed upon my Mind; "That it was a poor Day for "a Saint, when he did not find the Love "of God;" and, I am ſure, if I do not enjoy this divine Love, it is through my Neglect, or the Deceitfulneſs of my wicked Heart. O my dear Reverend Sir, I am often afraid of my deceitful Heart; which makes me frequently cry to my bleſſed Saviour, to keep it for me.—I kept the Place, where you put me with the young Men, till the Middle of this laſt Summer, when they begun to draw away; and then I went with the old Men, where I have been ever ſince: It is my Deſire, never to draw back from thoſe ſweet Ordinances, which you have pointed out for us, when our bleſſed Saviour takes ſo much Delight to manifeſt himſelf to poor ſinful Duſt. Some of the young Men have ſpoke to me lately, which makes me believe, that we ſhall begin next *Friday*: May the Lord open their poor Eyes, that they may ſee their Danger, ere it be too late: *Amen.*—And now, my dear and Reverend Father, I entreat you to pray for me: And may our dear Redeemer bleſs you, with your Family, and proſper your Labours: May you have a double Portion of his bleſſed and holy Spirit, that you may be enabled to bring many poor Sinners to God; and that we, in *Newfoundland*, according to your bleſſed Deſire, may meet you at the Right-hand of God; which, God of his infinite Mercy grant, may be all our happy Lots, through *Chriſt* our bleſſed Saviour. *Amen. Amen.*

From your poor weak Child, till Death,

J—— T——.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Carbonear, October 24, 1774.

Dear Brother, although I may rather ſay Father in God,

I Received your Letter in the Summer, and likewiſe another, dated the 12th of *April*, and was glad to hear from you and Family. Bleſſed be God, that the Cauſe of the Wicked did not prevail againſt you. It gives me Comfort to hear, that the Lord doth ſtill bleſs the Word you preach. May the Lord continue his Goodneſs to you, and make you and me *faithful unto Death*, that we may *receive the Crown of Life*. Dear Brother, I muſt let you know, that the Lord doth ſtill continue his Goodneſs unto me, though a poor unworthy Creature; bleſſed be his moſt holy Name: Oh! that I could be more thankful for his Mercies towards me and my Family. I find my Heart, at Times, very deceitful; I ſee, that there is a Neceſſity, every Moment, of looking unto God for Strength: I find him *a very preſent Help in every Time of Need:* I find, at Times, that his Love is precious to my Soul, Glory be to his dear Name, and that, by Faith, I can lay hold of his bleſſed Promiſes; though, I muſt confeſs, I am an unworthy Creature, not deſerving of the leaſt of his Favours: I ſee, that there is a Neceſſity of *watching unto Prayer*, and of *perſevering unto the End:* May the Lord give me Grace, that I may *grow up in his Fulneſs*, through *Jeſus Chriſt*, my Redeemer. *Amen.*—— Dear Brother, you deſired me to let you know, how we went on in our little Meetings: Bleſſed be God, we find, at Times, that his Love is preſent with us; although there are ſome that ſeem to *draw back:* I muſt mention ſome of them to you; poor *R*—— *T*——, I fear, is quite gone, and *W*—— *C*——; I have no Hopes of Mr. *G*——, very little of *J*—— *B*——; *R*——— *P*——— comes but very ſeldom; I am afraid of ſome others: But I know, that the Lord is able to keep them and me: Was it not through his aſſiſting Grace, I ſhould not ſtand one Moment: Oh! that the Lord may keep me. Dear Sir, do pray for me. Laſt Winter, we met twice a Week, this Summer once a

Week;

Week; and, I hope, we ſhall meet twice a Week again this Winter: But our dear Brother *V*——— is going from us, who is a great Strength to us; he is a faithful Servant, both to God and Man. Dear Mr. *Coughlan*, I have no Hopes of ſeeing you again in this World; but, I hope, we ſhall meet one Day around the Throne, to ſpend an endleſs Day.—All my Family is well. *Betty* remembers her Love and Duty to you, and Mrs. *Coughlan*, and pleaſe to accept of the ſame your dear Self, from your unworthy Brother in *Chriſt*,

J—— *T*——.

LETTER XXIII.

Bear's-Cave, October 28, 1774.

Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

DEAR SIR,

I Was glad to hear from you, but ſhould be much more glad to ſee you, as you are near to me in the Spirit, being my Spiritual Father: And as you deſire to have a Letter from me, with an Account of my Experience, I ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy you: About three Years ago, I was convinced of my loſt State; and I laboured near a Twelve-Month under the Laſhes of my Conſcience, till one Day, at Private Meeting, this Text came with Power to my Heart, *I will put my Spirit within you*; I was enabled to lay hold on the *Lord Jeſus*, and praiſe the God of my Salvation; and, from that Time, I found my Burden removed. Afterwards, the Enemy of my Soul thruſt ſore at me; but the dear *Jeſus* enabled me to withſtand his Suggeſtions, and did ſhine on my Soul; and, bleſſed be his holy Name, he ſtill doth keep me.—Dear Sir, I often long to hear you.—At Times, I find Hardneſs of Heart, and Wanderings from God, which I mourn over: Bleſſed be his holy Name, I find no Deſire to draw back; I ſtill find a Deſire to preſs forward. Dear Sir, I hope, you will ever remember me; and if I never ſee you in the Fleſh, I hope, I ſhall meet you, where Parting ſhall be no more. At Times, I find a Deſire after Holineſs of Heart, and to have my *every Thought to be brought into Subjection to Chriſt.*—I ſtill go to our little Meetings, but I muſt confeſs not as I ought; I hope, I ſhall be more diligent for the Time to come. I ſtill continue with Brother and Siſter *W*———.—Pray give my Love to Mrs *Coughlan* and Miſs *Betſey*, and pleaſe to receive the ſame from your unworthy Child,

N—— *S*——.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Cloun's-Cave, October 26, 1774.

Dear Mr. Coughlan,

SIR,

I Am about to write to you, but know not how to expreſs the great Love and Duty I owe unto you, my dear Spiritual Father and Brother in *Chriſt*. Oh! how often do I wiſh, that I could ſee you: What a Cordial would it be to our Souls! but we are not worthy. Glory be to God's great Mercy for ſending you a Meſſenger, to *call us from Darkneſs into his marvellous Light*, *from the Kingdom of Satan, to the Kingdom of his dear Son.*—Oh! what a ſtubborn, ſtiff-necked People were we, when you firſt came here; but, Glory be to God, you left ſome of us in a better Frame. O dear Sir, what a hard, heart-aking Thing it was to part with you; but we muſt be reſigned to the Will of God: You left us under the Care of our great Shepherd, *Jeſus Chriſt*; and, Glory be to his holy Name, he hath kept ſome of us, although there are ſome Sheep that are gone aſtray; Oh! may the Lord gather them again into his Sheep-fold; and, Oh! dear Sir, I often fear, that it will ſoon be my own Caſe, as knowing, that my *Heart is deceitful, and deſperately wicked*; none knows it, but my God alone: Oh! how do I pray, that the Lord would diſcover unto me every Evil that lodgeth there: And I hope, that my wicked Heart will not deceive me; for it is my Deſire to give up Soul and Body, all I have, am, and ever ſhall be, into his Hands: But I am aſhamed of my little Love to him, "and his ſo great to me;" for though I am often caſt down, and filled with Doubts and Fears, yet he often refreſhes my Soul: *Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within me, bleſs and praiſe his holy Name*; for I this Moment feel his Love warming my poor unworthy Heart: Oh! this Love, this Grace, ſo immenſe and free! for, O my Soul, it hath found out thee! Oh! may I always ſet with *Mary* at my Maſter's Feet: My dear Father, this is better felt than expreſt. My dear Sir, I hope, that the Lord will enable me to ſtand *ſteadfaſt, immovable, always abounding in the Work of the Lord*; but I cannot do it myſelf; for I ſee, more and more, my Unworthineſs, every Day; but I hope, that my dear Lord, who hath *begun the Work* in my Soul, will deepen it, and *carry it on*, and *ſeal me to the Day of Redemption.* Dear Sir, I hope, that you will pray for me, the weakeſt and unworthieſt of all your Children. Glory be to God, that he carries on his Work in all our Womens Hearts alſo; I hope, that I can ſpeak for them all. Our little Meetings go on, and no one fails to come, in *Freſh-Water* and *Clouns:* Glory be to God for his great Love and Care over us, for he crowns our Meetings with his Preſence. Oh! the great and unſpeakable Goodneſs of God to ſuch poor Worms as we! Oh! that we could love him more, and ſerve him better; and praiſe his holy Name. O dear Sir, though you are abſent in Body, you, and our dear Siſter, Mrs. *Coughlan*, are preſent with us at the Throne of Grace: And if we never ſee you more in the Fleſh, may the Lord prepare us all to meet you at our Father's Houſe, as you charged us at your Departure; which Charge often quickens, and ſtirs us up. Oh! what great Things has God done for Mr. *P*-—, ſince you went away; and, I hope, he will do greater Things yet; I hope, that

Mr. *P*—— will be God's Inſtrument to keep his Children, poor diſtreſſed Children, in a barren Wilderneſs, from going aſtray: But the more diſtreſſed, the louder we muſt cry; and I hope, that the Lord will *ſupply our every Want, out of the free Riches of his Grace.* May God, of his infinite Mercy, grant, *that we may hold out unto the End, that when Chriſt, who is our Life, ſhall appear, we may alſo appear with him in Glory. Amen.*

I am, dear Sir,

Although the weakeſt and unworthieſt

of all your Children,

Your ſincere Daughter,

in *Chriſt* our *Lord*,

P—— *P*——.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Harbour Grace, January 12, 1775.

My dear Friend,

I Wrote to you by ſeveral Conveyances, and gladly embrace the preſent Opportunity, to acquaint you of our Proceedings, as, I know, you often bear us on your Heart before the Mercy Seat.— From the 1ſt *ult.* we conſtantly attended our little Meetings, and *W—— H——*'s preaching on *Sundays*, and expounding on *Wedneſday* Nights, where our dear Redeemer gives Food abundantly. The Lord put it in our Hearts to celebrate the laſt *Chriſtmas-Day*, in ſuch a Manner as we never did heretofore: We aſſembled at *J—— P——*'s, at five o'Clock in the Morning, ſung praiſes, and prayed, and exhorted, and every Heart rejoieed in our *Chriſt*; we continued thus, till eight o'Clock, had Prayers again at ten, and three in the Afternoon, and our dear Lord continued preſent all the Day;

at Night, we had a Love-Feaſt at *S*——(formerly your Houſe) and ſuch a bleſſed meeting we never ſaw: O Sir, it is impoſſible for me to expreſs what I (and not only I, but every Soul preſent) felt on the Occaſion; ſuch Love, Joy, and Awe, as appeared on every Countenance, is inexpreſſible; but when we began to ſing, ſuch Meltings of Soul! ſuch Overflowings of heart-felt Comfort lifted our Souls above this World, on ſinging theſe Words,

"*Chriſt* hath burſt the Bonds of Death,
"We his quick'ning Spirit breathe."

Our poor *S*—— was ſat at Liberty; we could not proceed, Tears of holy Joy gave Vent to the Overflowings of our Hearts: I have ſince ſpoke with moſt of our Friends ſeparately, and they affirmed, that they never were ſo powerfully influenced. O my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, when I reflect on my many Omiſſions, Backſlidings, and Short-comings, how vile do I ſee and feel myſelf; and yet my bleſſed *Jeſus* continually comforts and refreſhes me: Lord, make me humble; Lord, make me thankful; and ſtrengthen me, that I may never bring a Scandal on thy holy

Religion.—I drew out ſome Rules for our outward Walk and Government in our Society; and, on *New-Year's-Day*, we all, I hope, ſincerely covenanted with God, and each other, to abide by them; if any Perſon offends, and is not reconciled by Repentance, they are to be read out of the Society: Thus our Lord, by his Grace, has, I truſt, been at work on our Hearts, to bring us to Order and cloſer Communion with our God, and each other.—I could wiſh, all who frequented our Meetings, under your Miniſtry, had continued with us, and been bleſſed as we were; but, alas! ſome have been aſhamed of us. Poor *J—— P——*, *H—— S——*, and his Wife, and *F—— S——*, are entirely gone off from us; but we adore our bleſſed Lord, that thoſe who remain are daily ſtrengthened, and *building each other up in their moſt holy Faith.*—Laſt *Sunday*, *W——* preached from *Prov.* viii. 33—35, which he performed in ſuch a Manner, that I ſhould have been glad, that ſome of our modern, fine witty Gentlemen had been preſent. How doth God, in his Wiſdom, make uſe of the *Weak and Fooliſh to confound the Wiſe and Mighty.*—Poor *B—— H——* was delivered of a dead Child, a few Days ago, and was almoſt

moſt deſpaired of; in her weaker Moments, ſhe gave her Hearers Cauſe to praiſe God in her Behalf, ſhe being filled with Faith and Love. Thus, my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, you ſee, *that your Labour has not been in vain in the Lord*; go on, declaring his great Love to Sinners; and may you ſtill continue, in your Maſter's Name, to call, and may poor Sinners obey the glad Summons, till you faithfully finiſh the Work he has given you to do.

I am,

Your affectionate Son and Brother,

A—— T——.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Carbonear, *Newfoundland*, *Oct.* 19, 1774.

REVEREND and DEAR SIR,

I Thought it my Duty to acquaint you with the Dealings of God with my Soul, being confident, that you will rejoice to hear how good my dear *Jeſus* to my Soul has been: Bleſſed be his holy Name, I can, with holy Reverence, ſay, *Whom have I in Heaven but him, and there is none upon Earth that I deſire beſides him*, who daily viſiteth me with his Love; notwithſtanding, my dear Sir, I cannot expreſs how unworthy I ſee myſelf of the leaſt Mercy or Favour, ſeeing I am ſtill a poor, barren, unprofitable Servant, who have not ſpent one Moment to his Glory: Oh! how little Love do I find for him, who poured out his Blood for me; and yet my dear *Jeſus* loves me: Even this Night I can ſay, *I have found him whom my Soul loveth*. And, my dear Sir, although you are abſent from me, I beſeech you to remember me at the Throne

of

of Grace, a poor, unworthy, trifling Worm; this, I truſt, you have done; and, I am perſuaded, you will not forget me, that if I ſhould never more ſee you in the Fleſh, I might meet you at God's Right-Hand. My humble Reſpects to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and I am,

Your unworthy Son in the Goſpel,

J—— F——.

LETTER XXVII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

DEAR Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

I Was rejoiced to hear, laſt Spring, of your Welfare, and that you were out of the Reach of your Enemies; but was truly concerned, when I found, that you was no more to return to this Land. I am ſure, I may ſay, that I ſtand in Need of your godly Admonitions and Inſtructions, as much as any Perſon whatſoever; and though the Fruit of your Labour did not appear in me, yet, I hope, it will yet ſpring up; Oh! that it may become a great Tree.—This I can ſay, that my one Deſire is to ſerve God and do his Will. I know, that I muſt be *born again*; but, I think, that I do not feel my great Depravity by Nature, although I ſee it very clearly. My Life has been regular, therefore the Guilt of Sin does not lie ſo heavy upon me as it otherwiſe might.—I hope, you will remember me in your Prayers;

pray, that *Jeſus* would ſend the Comforter, to convince me feelingly of Sin, of Unbelief, of inbred Corruption; that I may not only ſee, but feel my loſt Condition, both by Nature and Practice: For though I have not many Sins of Commiſſion to accuſe myſelf with, yet I muſt certainly have many Sins of Omiſſion lying heavy on my Soul, notwithſtanding, I am not truly ſenſible of their Weight. I again requeſt an Intereſt in your Prayers; look upon me as one of your Children in *Chriſt Jeſus*; for, I truſt, that the Seed which you have ſown will yet appear; my God can do a great Work in a ſhort Time.—My Love and beſt Reſpects to dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miſs *Betſey*.—*Betty* alſo deſires particularly to be remembered to Mrs. *Coughlan*. Though it is not likely that we ſhall any more meet on Earth, yet, I truſt, we ſhall all, in Concert, meet to ſing Praiſes to God, and the Lamb, for ever and ever: That this may be our happy Lot is the Prayer of, Dear Sir,

Your real Friend,

W—— P——, Jun.

LETTER XXVIII.

My very dear and Reverend Sir,

I Could not let this Opportunity ſlip, without writing you a Line or two, letting you know, that I am your loving, though undutiful Son, and that the Lord doth continue to beſtow his divine Favours upon my Soul, that I am filled with Love and Gratitude to him, and, next to him, my Love abounds to you-ward; you, who have done, under Almighty God, ſo much for unworthy, hell-deſerving me: Surely, I can never forget you, my Spiritual Father in the Lord, who have travelled in Birth for my Soul. Oh! what a ſad, lamentable Thing is it, to loſe ſuch a watchful Shepherd as you was over my Soul; but God's Will muſt be done: We hear, that the Lord is doing great Things for you at Home, which gives us ſome Comfort. Pray, dear Sir, never forget your poor Flock in this Part of the World; but put up Supplications, with mighty Wreſtlings, for us, that we may perſevere to the End, and, as there is no Likelihood to meet you in this World, that we may meet you in the next, where Parting ſhall be no more. I am filled with Love and Deſires for your Welfare. May the Lord bleſs you with every Bleſſing. You know, what a poor Talent I have; but, be aſſured, my Heart is fuller than I can expreſs. We were right glad, and humbled, when we heard your Letters read to us at Spring. We bleſs God, that the Lord is ſtill our Shepherd, and cares for us, and bleſſes the Ordinances to our Souls; Oh! that we may be faithful ever. My Wife joins with equal Love to you, and Mrs. *Coughlan.*

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in *Chriſt*,

J—— B——.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Carbonear, October 22, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

HAVING this Opportunity, I accept of it, truſting in the Lord, that theſe few Lines will find you and your Family in good Health, as I and my Family are at preſent; Glory be to his holy Name for this, and for every other Mercy and Favour that he beſtows upon me, a poor unworthy Creature: Yet, notwithſtanding my Unworthineſs, he fills my poor Heart with his precious Love; gives me Joy and Comfort, and enables me, through Grace, to forſake all, and follow *Jeſus Chriſt*. Bleſſed be the Lord, he hath given me Power, in ſome Meaſure, over many Evils; as haſty Anger, evil Company, Covetouſneſs, Pleaſure-taking; and, bleſſed be his holy Name, he enables me to hate every evil Way; but ſtill I find my Heart very unthankful, I cannot thank my dear Lord as I deſire; nevertheleſs, I find him to be *a very preſent Help in every Time*

Time of Need; when Temptations and Trials ariſe, I look to the Lord, and he delivers me out of them all, and fills my poor Heart with his precious Love; and the more Love the dear *Jeſus* gives me, the more I deſire it; and this is the Way that the Lord hath lead me in ever ſince you left us. My poor Heart would rejoice to ſee you; but ſince that cannot be in this Life, I deſire the Prayers of your Church, that the Lord would enable me to *aſk*, *ſeek*, *knock*, and *ſtrive*, till I *enter in at the ſtrait Gate*, and *walk in* that *narrow Way* that *leadeth to everlaſting* Happineſs, and at laſt meet you in Glory; which God, of his infinite Mercy, grant may be my happy Lot. *Amen* and *Amen.*

I am, *&c.*

R—— A——.

LETTER XXX.

Carbonear, October 24, 1774.

My very dear Mr. Coughlan,

THIS comes with my kind Love to you, and dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and *Betſey*, and, I hope, it will find you attended with every Bleſſing, as, bleſſed be our Lord, we are at preſent. O my dear Father, how can I expreſs the Emotions of my Heart for you! I cannot expreſs them: What earthly Friend have I, that lays ſo near my Heart as dear Mr. *Coughlan*, whom God hath made an Inſtrument of bringing ſuch a poor, ignorant, blind Sinner as I am, to the Knowledge of *Chriſt*'s Redeeming Love; and put us in the Way to call upon ſo merciful a God, whom we before knew not, but now we know, that he is a *God that heareth Prayer*, and that *pardoneth Iniquity, Tranſgreſſion, and Sin:* For ever be adored, O bleſſed Redeemer!—It was Matter of great Grief and Sorrow, when we heard, that you was not coming to us again; but the Will of

God muſt be done: And may the Lord make us more thankful for the ſignal Favours he hath beſtowed upon us, and me as one, when Numbers of better Principles have alſo heard the Goſpel preached, as often as I have, and yet remain hardened; that he ſhould paſs by me, and permit me to live is a Miracle. May God, of his infinite Mercy and Grace, Free-Grace, make me ever thankful, ever ſteadfaſt, and immovable. The Lord is with us at Times, in our Ordinances, of a Truth, and you moſt Times in our Hearts and Minds. I muſt conclude with my kind Love to you all, and am, my dear and Reverend Sir,

Yours, in *Chriſt*,

J—— T——.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Carbonear, November 3, 1774.

My dear Sir,

I Take this Opportunity, to write a few Lines to you, hoping, that they will find you in good Health, as, I bleſs the Lord, I and mine are at preſent: Thanks be to his dear and holy Name for ſparing ſuch an unworthy Creature as I am; for, Lord, thou knoweſt, that I have backſliden from thee. It is my daily Prayer, that the Lord would *heal my Backſlidings, and love me freely*; that he would cleanſe me from all Evil, and waſh my Heart with his moſt precious Blood; that he would root out all Evil, that would hinder the free Courſe of his bleſſed Spirit to my Heart. I find a great Need of *watching unto Prayer: Lord Jeſus*, give me Grace, that I may always *watch and pray, leſt I enter into Temptation*, that ſo I may be guarded againſt the Temptations of this World, the Fleſh, and the Devil. Oh! I find, it is a hard Thing to live near to the Lord, when once fallen; but I find, that the Lord is giving me freſh Deſires to follow after him: I pray, that the Lord may give me Grace, that I may never more turn back from him; and that he would carry on his Work, and deepen it in my Soul. I am jealous over my Heart, leſt I ſhould offend my dear *Jeſus* in Thought, Word and Deed; for I know, that I muſt give an Account at the Great Day. Oh! it is my Prayer, that the bleſſed *Jeſus* would ſearch me, and try me; that he would ſet my Heart aright towards him; that he would create in me a new Heart, and renew a true right Chriſtian Spirit within me: Lord, give me Grace, that I may hold out unto the End. I find great ſtrengthening in the little Meetings; I am ſure, that I ſhall never, by the Grace of the Lord, turn back from them. He who is my boſom Friend doth not go to the little Meetings; but it is my Prayer to the *Lord Jeſus*, to turn his Heart, that he may go: O my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, I fear, I ſhall ſee you no more here: Be pleaſed to ſend us a few Lines to ſtir us both up. My Love to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miſs *Betſey*.

From your loving Child,

A—— T——.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

October 20, 1774.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR Deſire I readily comply with, in relating to you what *Jeſus* has done, and is yet doing, for my Soul; and Oh! that it could be engraven with an Iron Pen: Indeed, it is utterly impoſſible to write or relate his Goodneſs to my Soul; I daily find his Spirit bearing witneſs that *I am his*, and am indeed aſſured, that *he is mine*; even while theſe Lines are writing, I feel *Jeſus* writing Pardon and Love on my Soul: And therefore, O my dear Sir, help me to praiſe the Lord for theſe his unſpeakable Mercies; for I am loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe: And, O my dear Sir, I would now deſire to love, praiſe and adore my dear *Jeſus* for theſe Mercies received; and, I humbly hope, that he will give me Faith and Patience, to rely on him for Mercy and Strength, for the Time to come. My Deſire is, as I cannot expect to ſee you again in the Fleſh, that I may ſee you rejoicing at God's Right-Hand. And, while I remain in the Body, may I ever be thanking God for his Providence, in ſending you, his Meſſenger, to call me *from Darkneſs into his marvellous Light*, and, through your Labours, to be *made willing in the Day of his Power*. And, O Sir, pray for me, that I may ſpend the Reſidue of my Days to his Glory, who ſuffered, who bled, who died, for my Sins, who ranſomed me from Hell, for which *he became a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with* many *Griefs, to whom be all Glory, both now and evermore. Amen.*

From your unworthy Daughter,

in the Goſpel,

M—— F——.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Carbonear, Lord's-Day Evening, December 4, 1774.

My very Dear Paſtor, my Dear Spiritual Father,

I Could not let this Opportunity ſlip, without ſending my Love, in a few Lines, to acquaint you, that our dear *Jeſus* is ſtill with us: And although here and there one proves a Traitor, yet *Chriſt*'s little Flock here will ſtand. There have, within this Month paſt, been trying Seaſons to my Soul; yea, it has been a ſifting Time; but Glory be to him, who ſhall make *all Things work together for the Good* of his Church, and, by theſe Means, ſhew us the ſolid Wheat: Although it is a great Trouble to have rotten Members, yet it is ſome Comfort to know them.—This is the fourth *Sabbath* that the Lord hath enabled me to make my own Sermons, and aſſiſted me to ſpeak alſo, which hath procured me many

Enemies: But Glory to *Jeſus*, who ſupports us under all, and makes us to deal faithfully to their Souls, notwithſtanding their bitter Enmity; but the more they rage, the more we are comforted, that we are doing the Maſter's Will. May the *Lord Jeſus* enable us to be true to the Cauſe, and ſooner let us die than flinch from our Colours. My greateſt Enemies are thoſe that once profeſſed and owned a crucified Saviour, but now they are Apoſtates. Oh! how cutting are theſe Things; and how doth it make me tremble for them: How unhappy muſt their State be, who *draw back unto Perdition!* I fear, ſome are ſo far gone, as not to be reclaimed. O my bleſſed *Jeſus*, we wait for thy Salvation; it is by thy Grace, that I have hitherto ſtood: Oh! let thy Grace, be ſufficient for me, and keep me to the End: O my Soul, watch, and come not thou into their Snare. *J—— K——* and *J—— C——* are very blaſphemous Enemies, as alſo ſome others, though not ſo openly as *K——*. Laſt *Sunday* Sevennight, my Text being, *The Wicked ſhall be turned into Hell,&c.* and the Lord enabling me to apply it pretty home, in the Application (for they had lately been at a Hurling Match, *&c.*) they could not bear it: *K*—— threatened, if I went on a little farther, he would haul me by the Noſe out of the Church, calling me, as I heard afterwards, by opprobrious Names; and *J*—— *C*—— expreſſed himſelf very indecently: This is the ſad Work of the Devil going on amongſt us; but, I hope, the Maſter will ſupport us in every trying Seaſon. *R*—— *M*—— and *J*—— *M*—— have forſaken our little Meetings: My dear Sir, this will give you great Trouble, as it doth me; but what ſhall we ſay to it; the Lord make us faithful, and clear of their Blood. This is the *Lord's-Day* Evening, and we are juſt come from Church; and *a Day of fat Things* it hath been to mine, and to many Souls, as they have told me. Mr. *H*——, Mr. *B*——, *R*—— *B*——, Mr. *T*——, *J*—— *P*——, and the dear Women who hold on their Way bravely, were all at our Houſe, where we had a happy Meeting; and, be aſſured, my dear Father, our dear *Immanuel* manifeſted himſelf to every individual Soul of us; Oh! how full were our Cups! And, when we began to mention, and bring our dear Father upon our Hearts, in Supplication to the Throne of Grace, Oh! how aſſured were we, that the dear *Jeſus* heard our Prayer for you! He manifeſted himſelf in the Midſt of us, and ſhed abroad his Love in all our Hearts: It was ſuch a mighty Out-pouring as ſome could ſcarcely contain: Glory be to our great High Prieſt, *who ever liveth to make Interceſſion for* poor Worms, this hath been a Day, much to be remembered: *Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within us, praiſe the Lord; while I live, will I praiſe him; for he is the Light of my Countenance, and my God.* O my dear Sir, excuſe me, for I cannot, I know not how to expreſs my Gratitude and Love; Oh! that I had a thouſand Lives to loſe for the ever-bleſſed, lovely, altogether adorable *Jeſus.* Our dear Friends, who joined me this Evening, at our Houſe, are, with great Reluctance, juſt gone home; Oh! how loath are we to part, when, meeting together, we taſte the heavenly Love: The Lord bleſs you, and fill you daily with it; for the more we have, the more, I hope, we ſhall crave ſtill, till, at laſt, we ſhall be ſwallowed up in his Fulneſs of Love, when we ſhall meet, never to part more. My dear Sir, it is not all bad News, which I have to ſend you, for, ſince I wrote to you *per* dear Brother *V*——, I have great Hopes, that the bleſſed ed *Jeſus* hath added another to *Carbonear* Church, which is a Young Gentleman, I believe, from *London*; and a Store-keeper, to Mr. *D*——, I have great Hopes, is converted. Mrs. *B*——, and T——, the Carpenter, are very humble Souls, filled with Love, the beſt bleſſed Mark of a converted Soul. All our dear Friends are well, and beg, that you will accept of their kind Love and Duty: Pleaſe to accept alſo all our kind Loves to our very dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and *Betſey*. Oh! how glad would all your Children be to ſee you once more; but this Happineſs we have but little Hopes of in this Life. May all our *Hearts be directed unto the Love of God, and into the patient waiting for Chriſt*; and then we ſhall meet, never to ſeparate; then, then, ſhall we *ſee him as he is, and be ſatisfied with his Fulneſs.* Our dear Friends at *Harbour-Grace* keep up their little Meetings, &c. I pray you, and all our dear ſpiritual Friends, to pray earneſtly for us, that we may go cheerfully through the Wilderneſs, and meet them, with open Arms, in that bleſſed Land of *Canaan*. I ſhould be glad, that you would tender my kind Love to the Siſters; I often think on them, and do bear them on my Heart: Pray tell them, what the Lord, through your Miniſtry, has done for ſuch a Sinner as I: Oh! that I could ever have my Eye and Heart fixed on him, whom I have pierced, and ever mourn my ſad baſe Ingratitude. Dear Sir, the Veſſel is upon ſailing; I muſt therefore conclude, wiſhing and praying for every Bleſſing compatible with your Happineſs, in this, and the bleſſed World to come.

I remain,

Your dutiful Son and Brother,

in the crucified bleſſed *Jeſus*,

T—— P——.

LETTER XXXIV.

REVEREND SIR,

I Am a poor unthankful Creature; *in me dwelleth no good Thing*, and, without the Free-Grace of God, I find, that I have no Deſire to do any good Thing; *but when I am weak, then God is ſtrong:* I do not ſeem worthy to take his holy Name within my Lips; but he has *Mercy on whom he will have Mercy:* Bleſſed be his Name, although the dark Clouds paſs about me, yet I find our Lord in the Midſt of theſe Storms and Tempeſts; I find the Lord of Life and Glory in my Soul. *The World hates me*, and lays many Things to my Charge, which they cannot prove; but the greateſt Enemies to the Cauſe of *Chriſt* are thoſe that uſed to go to the Houſe of God, and even to the Table of our dear Lord and Saviour. I hope, that the Lord will take away our Deadneſs and Coldneſs, and *the Sins which do ſo eaſily beſet us, that we may run the Race with Patience that is ſet before us.* I find a great Need of daily preſſing forward. O my dear Sir, I want more Humility; I am afraid of my own Heart, I am ſure that I have a deceitful one. Often would *my Soul fly away, and be at Reſt*; but my Heart is a Clog to bind it to this Earth, although I cannot behold any Thing here, but *Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit.* Oh! I want Patience to dwell with me, while I am in this Wilderneſs; for ſometimes Faith is ſmall, and Unbelief ſeems to come in Doubts and Fears. I am afraid, that I am like the unprofitable Servant, or like the Man with one Talent. I find in me a great Deadneſs and Dryneſs: In myſelf, I am a poor helpleſs Creature; but in the Lord my Help is found. O my dear Father, we never knew the Want of a Shepherd, to feed God's little Flock, until you was taken from us; but now, I am ſure, they that know the Lord here know the Want of a Shepherd.—Sir, I have ſent you a few ſmall Fiſh, and three Bottles of Juniper Berries, for you and Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miſs *Betſey.*—I am ſtill poor in this World's Riches, and unworthy of any Thing from God; but, I know, that the *Lord Jeſus* loves my Soul, by the Free-Grace which he ſheds abroad in my Heart; and I know, that I love my Saviour; but I know, that he loved me firſt; for while I was the chiefeſt of Sinners, he died for me, to redeem my Soul from the loweſt Hell. O dear Sir, I am not able to tell, or expreſs, how much I am beholden to God's rich Free-Grace; but I am unthankful: O my dear Redeemer, do thou make, in thy unthankful Child, a thankful Heart. O my dear Father, ſhall I ever ſee you again in this World? I am poor and weak in my Soul, and if the Lord ſhould leave me, I ſhould ſink into the Depths of Miſery again; but the Lord hath promiſed, *never* to *leave* me, *nor forſake* me; though ſometimes I am ready to fear, that I ſhould forſake him, through Unbelief and the Deceitfulneſs of my own Heart; and that makes me pray to *Jeſus Chriſt*, that he would draw me unto him: I find, his Rod good to chaſtiſe me, and his bleſſed Promiſes to comfort me. Our greateſt Builder in our Meeting, Mr. *V*——, is going from us this Winter; but I hope, that the Lord will ſend him to us again, or you, our dear Father; although I am afraid, we ſhall never ſee you in this Land, notwithſtanding there be Changes in the Right-Hand of the Moſt High; the Will of the Lord muſt be done; for we *are not our own*, for our Lord *hath bought* *us with a Price*, even ſuch a vile Sinner as I have been: And I am ſtill a backſliding Creature, a vile Creature, full of inbred Sin; but I am but a Sinner, and, bleſſed be the holy Name of my Redeemer, I know, that he hath died for my Sins, although I have many Doubts and Fears, and Suggeſtions from *Satan*, which waylay me, and oftentimes rob me of that Peace and Comfort which I ſhould take in my Saviour. Dear Sir, remember my kind Love to all my Brethren unknown; tell them, that I am poor, and beg them to ſend me over one Book for my daily Uſe. I have three of my little Children ſtill with me. I am aſhamed, that I have Nothing more to ſend, but pleaſe to accept of my little Fiſh and Berries, which I am ſure you will.

I remain,

Your unworthy Child in the Lord,

D—— O——.

P. S. Sir, I thank you for the good Books you ſent us.

The following are ſome choice Sentiments, extracted from the Writings of a very eminent Divine, grounded upon *Gal.* ii. 20.

I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me.

I Live, and I live not. The Life which I live is not of Nature, but of Grace, not of myſelf but of Chriſt: In reſpect of the Rule which guides my Life, though I live in the Fleſh, yet I live not after the Fleſh, I am not led by my Luſts, but by the Spirit of Chriſt, I live not after my own Fancy, but according to the Will of Chriſt, in reſpect of the *Means* by which I live, I live not by the *Chaff* of human Traditions, Self-Devices, carnal Doctrines, and Inventions of Men, or ſuperſtitious Obſervations, but I live by the Wheat of Chriſt's Doctrine, the *ſincere Milk* of God's Word, this is the Staff and

Stay of my Life: In reſpect of the *End* or Term to which I live, I live not to myſelf, I ſeek not, I exalt not, I magnify not myſelf, I propoſe not mine own Ends; but I live to Chriſt, I intend, propoſe, and exalt Chriſt, I ſtrive to be all that I am unto Chriſt: In reſpect of the *Opinion*, and Apprehenſion which I have of myſelf, I live not as mine own Lord and Maſter, but I carry myſelf as a crucified Man, ſuffering Nothing in me to exalt itſelf againſt Chriſt; but I proſtrate all at the Feet of Chriſt, I make all to vail and bow to Chriſt, that Chriſt may live and reign in me, look upon myſelf as the Chief of Sinners, and the baſeſt of Creatures, as unworthy of the leaſt of Chriſt's Mercies, I deny myſelf, I allow no Place within me, to my own Wiſdom and Reaſon, to my own Will and Affections, my own Fancy and Deſires; I look on theſe as empty Lamps which have no Light, as on falſe Guides and treacherous Friends, that have no Truth: I handle theſe as Traitors, that conſpire againſt the Welfare of my Soul: I trample and tread theſe under Foot, as Enemies to my Peace: I ſilence theſe, and will not hear them ſpeak, I ſuppreſs theſe, and will not ſuffer them to reign, I mortify theſe, and will not ſuffer them to live; and thus I live, and live not, hence we learn,

That he who liveth the Life of Grace, and true Holineſs, doth wholly deny himſelf, his own Ends, Counſels, and Affections, and altogether proſtrates himſelf and all that is his under Chriſt Jeſus: He puts himſelf and all that he hath under Chriſt, he employs himſelf and all that he hath for Chriſt, in all that he doth he chiefly minds and intends Chriſt: In *Joſeph*'s Viſion the *Sun, Moon, and Eleven Stars*, theſe celeſtial Creatures did Obeiſance unto him, and all the Sheaves in the Field vailed unto his Sheaf; in the Soul, Life, Way, and Work of a regenerate Man, all the ſupernatural Gifts and Graces, all the moral Abilities, and Endowments, and all the natural Powers and Faculties of the Soul, with all the Members of the Body, all the Labours of the Life, and whatſoever elſe do Obeiſance unto Chriſt, are made ſubject and ſerviceable unto Chriſt: True Chriſtians are termed by the Apoſtle, *a living Sacrifice*. The Sacrifice under the Law was no more his that offered it, but the Lord's, and wholly to be ſpent in the Service of the Lord; the Chriſtian who offers himſelf unto God under the Goſpel, is no more his own, but the Lord's, to be employed wholly in the Service of the Lord; this our Saviour lays down as a neceſſary Duty, and ſetteth it forth as a clear and lively Character of a true Diſciple, and ſincere Chriſtian: *If any Man* (ſaith he) *will come after me, let him deny himſelf, and take up his Croſs and follow me:* If any Man will come after me, as a *Scholar* after his Teacher, receiving my Inſtruction; as a *Sheep* after his Shepherd, feeding in my Paſtures; as a *Soldier* after his Captain, fighting my Battles; as a *Subject* after his Sovereign, obeying my Commandments; as a *Bride* after her Bridegroom, making me the complete Object of his Love, and embracing me as the Huſband of his Soul; if any Man will come after me, in the *Knowledge* of my Will, in the *Belief* of my Promiſes, in the *Love* of my Truth, and in the *Obedience* of my Precepts, *Let him deny himſelf*, let him lay aſide his own *Wiſdom* as an empty Lamp, his own *Will* as an evil Commander, his own *Imagination* as a falſe Rule, his own *Affections* as corrupt Counſellors, and his own *Ends* as baſe and unworthy Marks to be aimed at; let him deny himſelf whatſoever is of himſelf, within himſelf, or belonging to himſelf, as a corrupt and carnal Man; let him go out of himſelf, that he may come to me; let him empty himſelf of himſelf, that he may be capable of me, that I may reign and rule within him, that he may wholly ſubject himſelf to me and my Service; there is no true following of Chriſt and his Example, no thorough Subjection to Chriſt and his Precepts, without the Denial of ourſelves and our Affections, without the Rejection of our own Ends and Counſels; this the Apoſtle ſtyles *a living not unto ourſelves, but unto him that died for us*; not to live unto ourſelves, by following our own Imaginations, not to ſerve our own Luſts and Affections, not to terminate ourſelves within ourſelves, by ſeeking our own Applauſe and Profit, by making ourſelves the Lords and Maſters of our Service, ſerving ourſelves, and not the Lord Jeſus; but to live to Chriſt, to do all in Love and Obedience unto Chriſt, to refer all to the Praiſe and Glory of Chriſt: It is a very baſe and carnal Service which doth not primarily intend the Lord Jeſus; ſurely he is far from the Life of Chriſt, that doth not live to Chriſt; that Man's Life is of a baſe, corrupt, and earthly Original, the Energy, Operation, and Intendment of whoſe living is not to exalt and make

Chriſt glorious; he alone truly underſtands the End of Chriſt's Death, that makes Chriſt's Glory the End of his Life; and thus runs the Charge of the Apoſtle to the Romans, *Yield yourſelves unto God as thoſe that are alive from the Dead, and your Members as Inſtruments of Righteouſneſs unto God.* Yield yourſelves to God, as *Soldiers* to their Captain, as *Servants* to their Maſter, to fight for God, to work for God, to do all for God's Glory; let every Faculty of the Soul, and Member of the Body, even whatſoever belongs unto you be dedicated unto God, and employed in the Work and Service of God; that Service which is not univerſal is hypocritical; he alone is a perfect Servant, that puts the whole Man upon the Service of the Lord, as all the Rivers *come from the Sea*, and return, *and empty themſelves into the Sea:* Thus muſt we return to God, and empty ourſelves, and all that we have into God, proſtrate it all under God's Feet, and put it all upon the Service of the Lord; as *Moſes left not a Hoof behind him in Egypt*, but carried all out, that he might ſacrifice to the Lord of whatſoever the Lord would have; thus, we muſt not leave a Hoof of our Hearts, Thoughts, Loves, Deſires behind us upon on Sin, and the World, but take of all, and ſacrifice all to God and his Service; we muſt with the Baptiſt be willing to *decreaſe* that Chriſt may increaſe, to become vile, and of no Eſteem with Men, that Chriſt may be exalted; we muſt with the Macedonians, *give ourſelves to the Lord.* We muſt give our *Underſtandings* to know God, our *Wills* to chooſe God, our *Imaginations* to think upon God, our *Memories* to remember God, our *Affections* to fear, truſt, love, and rejoice in God, our *Ears* to hear God's Word, our *Tongues* to ſpeak God's Praiſe, our *Hands* to work for God, and all our Subſtance to the Honour of God.

And a holy and gracious Chriſtian doth thus live to Chriſt, and put himſelf and all that he hath under Chriſt.

1. In regard of that *Carnality*, *Vanity*, *Baſeneſs*, *Earthlineſs*, *Unworthineſs*, *Corruption*, *and Uncleanneſs*, *which he ſees*, *and feels in his own Fleſh*, *in his own Affections*, *Ends and Counſels*: He ſees there is an Emptineſs in himſelf, that his own Fleſh is an *empty Houſe*, wherein dwelleth no Good, and wherein is *no Sufficiency* to the Performance of any good Duty; he ſees that his own *Heart* is a City full of Trea-

ſon, *deceitful above Meaſure*, and not to be truſted; he feels a Law in his Members *rebelling* againſt the Law of his Mind, as *Rebecca* felt the Twins in her Womb ſtriving the one againſt the other; he diſcerns that his own Wiſdom is fooliſh, an empty Lamp, a blear Eye, a falſe Light; he diſcerns that he is brutiſh, and hath not the *Knowledge of the Holy*; he ſees much Uncleanneſs within himſelf, many Spots in his Soul; he ſees that he is like *Jacob*'s Flock, ſpotty coloured; like *Noah*'s Ark, wherein are many unclean Beaſts among the clean; like the Field in the Parable, wherein are many Tares among the Wheat; he ſees how he is yet in part *carnal*, and ſold under Sin, not fully freed and diſcharged from the Strength and working of Sin; he diſcerns an unhappy Proneneſs in his Heart, to conſult with Fleſh and Blood, and to propoſe bye, and ſiniſter, low, and baſe Ends; and having the Sight, Senſe, and ſorrowful Experience of all this; he denies himſelf, as *Jacob* having Experience of the *Deceitfulneſs of Laban*, grew weary of him, denied him his Service, and went forth from him. Thus a gracious Man, having Experience of the Corruption and Deceitfulneſs of his own Heart and Fleſh, grows weary of himſelf, denies himſelf, goes out of himſelf, cometh unto Chriſt, and puts himſelf wholly under Chriſt; and as the Evangeliſt ſaid of Chriſt, that *knowing what was in Man, he would not commit himſelf unto Man*; ſo ſanctified Man knowing what is in himſelf, he will not commit himſelf unto himſelf, he will not truſt himſelf with himſelf, he denies his own Wiſdom, he becomes *a Fool* in his own Apprehenſion, and ſeeks to Chriſt to be made wiſe unto Salvation; he looks upon his own Righteouſneſs, as *rotten Rags*, and comes to Chriſt for Juſtification; he conſiders his own Weakneſs, and comes to Chriſt as the *Gibeonites* came to *Joſhua*, to reſcue him from his Enemies, he is experienced in the Vanity of all other Helpers; and therefore comes to Chriſt, as the diſeaſed Woman, whom the Phyſicians could not cure, that Chriſt may heal his ſpiritual Maladies; and the more clearly he diſcerns the Carnality and Baſeneſs of his own Heart, the greater Progreſs he will make in the Divine Life. He that knows how ſubject he is to miſcarry when he leans upon himſelf, will readily put himſelf and all that he hath under Chriſt.

2. In regard of the *holy*, *ſtrong*, *and conſtant Bent*, *and Inclination of the Heart of a gracious Chriſtian unto Chriſt:* As every Thing moves towards it proper Centre, and is at no reſt until it comes to that: So doth the ſanctified Soul incline and move to Chriſt, the true Centre of the Soul, and reſteth not until it comes to Chriſt, and hath the Fruition of Chriſt; there is in a gracious Soul ſuch a Principle of Grace, ſuch a Communication of Chriſt, ſuch a Suitableneſs between the Soul and Chriſt, ſuch a fervent and operative Love towards Chriſt, ſuch a vehement Longing after Chriſt, that it mightily moves to Chriſt as the Rivers to the Sea; that Nothing but Chriſt can anſwer it, quiet and content it; there is in the Soul ſuch a bleſſed Reſidence, ſuch a powerful and gracious Energy, and Operation of the Spirit of Chriſt, that as the *Wheels* in*Ezekiel's* Viſion *moved*, whereſoever the living Creatures *moved*, becauſe the *Spirit* of the living Creatures was in the *Wheels:* So the Soul moves after Chriſt, becauſe the Spirit of Chriſt is in the Soul; this makes it *pant* after Chriſt, as the Hart after the Water Brooks; this makes it *thirſt* for Chriſt, as the dry Ground for Waters; this makes

it *follow hard* after Chriſt, as the Child with Cries and Tears after the Father going from it; this makes it cry for Chriſt, as ſometimes *Rachel* did for Children, *O give me Chriſt or elſe I die*; and as *David thirſted*, and his Worthies *burſt* through the Army of the *Philiſtines* for Water out of the Wells of *Bethel:* So the Soul thirſting for Chriſt, breaks through all the Armies of Oppoſition to come to Chriſt, to refreſh itſelf with Chriſt; now it denieth all, leaveth all, paſſeth through all, proſtrateth itſelf and all that it hath under Chriſt, that it may enjoy Chriſt; it hates all that hinders its coming to Chriſt, and embraceth all that may further its Communion with Chriſt; Suitableneſs between the Soul and Chriſt, readily denies and rejects all that hinders the Fruition of Chriſt.

3. In regard to the Vanity and Nothingneſs which a gracious Man diſcerns in himſelf, and in all Things elſe without and beſide Chriſt; he looks upon himſelf as on *Duſt and Aſhes*; he is vile in his own Apprehenſion, as a *Worm* and no Man; he humbles and abhors himſelf, even as *below the Duſt* and Aſhes; he looks on all other Things as *Dung and Droſs*, and a Thing of *nought* in compariſon of

Chriſt; he reputes all Things in reſpect of Chriſt, as *Jotham* did *Abimelech* in reſpect of the Sons of *Jerubbaal*; but as a Bramble in reſpect of the Vine, Fig-Tree, and Olive-Tree; and having ſuch a low Opinion of himſelf, and all Things elſe; he readily denies himſelf and all Things elſe, and makes all to vail and ſtoop to Chriſt; with *Simon* and *Andrew* who were ready to leave their Nets, their Ship, and their Father, to deny their Poſſeſſions, and their Friends, and to put all under Chriſt, he alſo is willing to leave whatſoever is moſt profitable and dear according to the Fleſh, for Chriſt's Sake, and with *Paul* to eſteem his very *Life as Nothing*, that he may glorify Chriſt, and finiſh Chriſt's Work: The more any Man doth undervalue himſelf, and the Creature, the more he exalteth Chriſt, the more freely, fully, and readily he proſtrates all at the Feet of Chriſt.

4. In regard of the *holy*, *powerful*, *and univerſal Reign*, *Rule and Dominion of Chriſt in a gracious and ſanctified Soul:* Here Chriſt reigns as a King in his Throne, as *Solomon* reigned over the Land of *Canaan* from Sea to Sea, and from the River to the Ends of the Earth: So doth Chriſt reign in a regenerate and gracious

Soul, from the higheſt to the loweſt Faculty thereof, and from the Head to the Feet, and from the higheſt to the loweſt Underſtanding of a Chriſtian: Here Chriſt reigns as a *Dweller* in his Houſe; the Dweller rules over all the Rooms, Members, and Goods of his Houſe, and diſpoſeth all to his Service; Chriſt rules over all the Faculties of the Soul, Members of the Body, and diſpoſeth all the Endowments and Doings of a Chriſtian to his own Service, and for his own Honour: Here Chriſt rules as the *Head* over the Body, acting, moving, guiding, and framing the whole Man, to a holy, humble, and free Subjection: Here Chriſt reigns as a *Centurion* in his Army, and as the Servants of the Centurion did go and come at his Command, and do whatſoever he bad them: Thus all the Faculties of the Soul, and Members of the Body of a true Chriſtian, are at the Command of Chriſt, receiving their Direction and Commiſſion from Chriſt, doing every Thing in Subjection and Obedience to Chriſt: Thus the Pſalmiſt ſpeaking of Chriſt's Kingdom, ſaith, *in the Day of thy Power*, when Chriſt ſhall reign by his Goſpel and Spirit in the Souls of Men, *the People ſhould be willing*, free, ready, and full in their Subjection unto Chriſt, *and his Enemies ſhould bow before him*, and lick the Duſt; ſuch as were Enemies, rebellious, and diſobedient in their Unregeneration, ſhould after their Converſion bow themſelves, *and lick the Duſt*, acknowledge and receive Chriſt as their Lord and King, and in very great Humility ſubject and proſtrate both themſelves and all theirs to him, and his Service; for as *Abner* entering into Covenant with *David*, and taking *David* for his King, undertook to *bring about all Iſrael unto David*; thus the Soul entering into Covenant with Chriſt, and taking Chriſt for its King, brings about all to Chriſt, and puts all in Subjection under Chriſt.

5. In regard of the *holy and fervent Deſire of a gracious Soul to exalt and ſet up Chriſt:* This is the prime Labour, Joy and Comfort of a godly Soul, to ſee and feel Chriſt's Kingdom within him, to ſet up Chriſt in his Heart, and to diſcern him ruling and commanding there, as a King in his Throne, as a Pilot in the Ship; this is his Suit and Supplication unto God, that *Chriſt*'s *Kingdom may come*, that Chriſt may reign and rule within him, as *David* ſometimes thirſted, and longed to ſee the *Power and Glory of God*

in the Sanctuary: So doth a godly Man long to ſee the Power and Glory of Chriſt in his Soul; to behold him reigning in his Heart: In the Day of *Solomon*'s Coronation the *People piped with Pipes, and rejoiced with great Joy*, ſo that the Earth rung with the Sound thereof: In the Day of Chriſt's Coronation, and Reign in the Soul of Man, the Heart of Man rejoiced with exceeding great Joy, Chriſt's Dominion is a holy Soul's rejoicing: *The Kingdom of God is Righteouſneſs and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt.* It was the Care, Labour, and Joy of *David* to bring the Ark of the Lord into the Tabernacle, and in that Day *David danced* before the Lord with all his Might, and all the Houſe of Iſrael brought up the Ark of the Lord *with Shouting and with the Sound of a Trumpet, and ſet it in the Midſt of the Tabernacle.* Thus it is the Care, Labour, and Comfort of the whole Man that is godly, to ſet up Chriſt in the Midſt of his Soul, to ſee him *reigning* in his Underſtanding, as the *Sun* in the Eye; guiding in his Will, as a *Prince* commanding it; in his Imagination, as the *Object* on which he thinketh with moſt Frequency, Delight and Comfort; in his Truſt, as the only *Rock* whereon he buildeth;

in his Fear, as the *King of Kings*, whom he chiefly reverenceth; and in his Love, as an *Huſband* in the Love of the Wife: So powerful and operative is this Deſire, Labour, and Joy of a gracious Soul, touching the Exaltation, Reign, and Rule of Chriſt within it; that as the People would have all the Men put to *Death* which would not have *Saul reign* over them: So doth ſuch a Man mortify all his Luſts which oppoſe Chriſt's Kingdom, remove whatſoever may hinder Chriſt's ſpiritual Dominion, and make all vail and ſtoop for Chriſt's Exaltation within him.

6. In regard of a gracious Soul's *Acquieſcence and Contentment with the Approbation of Chriſt*: In this it pleaſeth, in this it bleſſeth, delighteth, and ſatisfieth itſelf; whatſoever it hath beſides it, this is inſtead of all, as the Sun is to the Eye inſtead of all Lights, and the Fountain to the Thirſty inſtead of all Bottles; the Approbation of Chriſt is of very great Price with a true Chriſtian; his *Praiſe is not the Praiſe of Men but of God*; not to have the Approbation of Men to his Doings, but of God; not to have his Ear tickled with the empty Breath of vain Man's Applauſe, but with the

ſolid and ſweet Inſpiration, and Breathing of God's Spirit, aſſuring him of God's Acceptation of him; as our Saviour ſought not himſelf, nor his own Praiſe, but the *Praiſe of his Father*, made it his *Meat and Drink* to do his Father's Will, and contented himſelf with his Father's Approbation, how unworthily ſoeverMen thought of him: Thus all the Members of Chriſt in proportion ſeek not themſelves, nor the Applauſe of Men, but the Teſtimony of Chriſt; in this they rejoice and ſolace themſelves, in *all Things approving themſelves to God*, as good Servants, in all Eſtates, in all Changes, in all their Undertakings; and this is the holy Glorying, Rejoicing and Comfort of the Soul, to *glory* (as the Apoſtle ſaith) *in the Lord*, to glory in the *Dominion* of God, ſubjecting himſelf unto him, to glory in the *Power* of God, reſting upon him, to glory in the *Teſtimony* of God, bleſſing and pleaſing himſelf in God's Approbation; for not he that commendeth himſelf is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth: God's Approbation is the Crown and Comfort of a Chriſtian; and therefore as the Wife ſeeketh and rejoiceth in the Approbation of her Huſband, though ſhe diſpleaſe herſelf, and all the

Family to enjoy it: Thus the Soul which is wedded to Chriſt ſeeks the Approbation of Chriſt, pleaſeth himſelf herein, and for the Enjoyment whereof will diſpleaſe his own Fleſh, and all the World; he denies whatſoever is a Hinderance hereunto, he ſubjects himſelf wholly unto Chriſt, to gain and keep the Teſtimony of Chriſt; for as it was ſaid of *Plato*, *Unius Platonis Calculum inter mille*, the Approbation of *Plato* alone was inſtead of a thouſand: So the Teſtimony and Approbation of one Chriſt, of Chriſt alone, is more to a gracious Soul, than the Applauſe of the World, or whatſoever the Earth can afford; and for theſe and ſuch like Cauſes doth a Man endued with true Holineſs deny himſelf, his own Ends and Counſels, and proſtrate all under Chriſt Jeſus.

Conſider this then, and ſee the dangerous Eſtate of Men who know not Chriſt, and ſubject not themſelves to him and his Service; as the *Sodomites* would not have *Lot* to be a *Judge* among them, no more will many Men have Chriſt to reign over them; the Sons of *Belial deſpiſed Saul*, and brought him no *Preſents*. Many like Sons of *Belial* depiſe Chriſt in his *Perſon*, they ſee no Beauty nor Comlineſs in him, they deſpiſe him in his *Goſpel*, they will not vail to his Scepter, they deſpiſe him in his *Embaſſadors*, they deny Audience and Reverence to their Meſſage, they deſpiſe him in his *Offices*, they do not hear him as their Prophet, obey him as their King, they do not believe in him as the Prieſt who hath offered himſelf to God an all-ſufficient Sacrifice for them, they deſpiſe him in his *Laws*, they burſt them aſunder, as *Sampſon* burſt his Withes: Strange and ſhameful is the Contempt offered by profane Perſons to the Lord Jeſus, and though they profeſs Chriſt, and pretend Chriſt, and will have Chriſt to be preached and ſpoken of among them; yet as the *Philiſtines*, though they entertained the Ark, yet they ſat *Dagon above*, and would not endure the Preſence thereof when *Dagon* fell before it: So theſe Men, though they outwardly entertain Chriſt, and give him ſome Place amongſt them, yet they will ſet their *Dagon*, their Luſts, their Pride, Pleaſures, Profits, and Inventions above Chriſt; and if their *Dagon* fall, if Chriſt begin to ſhew his Power and Work upon their *Dagon*, diſcover, reprove, ſhame, and offer to caſt down their Luſts, and will not ſuffer theſe to reign, they grow very weary of Chriſt, his Preſence is uncomfortable: Chriſt preached in his Power ever proves a Burthen to the Soul where Sin is pleaſant and delightful; he that doth not deny himſelf denies Chriſt; he that allows not Chriſt a full and univerſal Dominion is a great Stranger to him.

Some deny not their *own Wiſdom*, Chriſt reigns not in their Underſtanding, they are *wiſe in their own Eyes*, they embrace not Chriſt's Direction, Chriſt is not inſtead of Eyes unto them, as *Hobab* was to *Moſes* and Iſrael in their Journies through the Wilderneſs; they aſk not Counſel of Chriſt, but walk after their own Counſel; they make not their Wiſdom to ſtoop to Chriſt's Wiſdom, and therefore Folly dwells with them, Chriſt is not known to them; he of all Men ſees leaſt of Chriſt, and continues moſt fooliſh, that moſt exalts and magnifies his own Knowledge.

Some deny not their *own Wills*, they make not Chriſt's Will the Rule of their Will, but ſet up their own Wills to be the Rule of Chriſt's Will, and make their own Will the Law by which they walk, as it was foretold of the King of *Greece*, that he ſhould ſtand up and rule with great Dominion, and do according to his Will: So it is true of theſe Men, they ſtand up againſt Chriſt, and they rule and ſway over Chriſt's Laws, Miniſters, Ordinances, and Offices, and do all Things according to their own Will. In the Days of *Micah* the Idolater, there was no King in Iſrael, and every Man did that which was *right in his own Eyes:* Thus theſe Men are without a ſpiritual King, Chriſt doth not reign in their Souls, but they do what is right in their own Eyes, they are *rebellious People, lying Children, Children that will not hear the Law of the Lord, which ſay to the Seer ſee not, and to the Prophets, propheſy not unto us right Things, ſpeak unto us ſmooth Things, propheſy to us Deceits.* Chriſt hath no Kingdom in the Soul which is ſwayed by vain Deluſion, and carnal Counſel.

Some will not deny their *own Affections*, they will not put them under, but ſuffer them to lord it over Chriſt, Chriſt hath not the Preheminence in their Fear, Truſt, Love, Joy; but as the Lord ſaid to *Eli*, *thou honoureſt thy Sons above me*, ſo theſe Men honour their Affections and Luſts above Chriſt. *Solomon* obſerved in his Time *Servants riding on Horſeback, and Princes walking on Foot.* Every Man may ſee in theſe Times Mens natural Luſts and Affections, which ſhould like Servants be kept under and ſuppreſſed, humbled, brought low, and made to walk on Foot; yet theſe are ſet on Horſeback, exalted, honoured, preferred, and Chriſt the Prince of Peace, and all his Ordinances, Statutes, and Teſtimonies, which ſhould reign and rule like Princes in the Soul of Man, theſe are made like Servants to travel on Foot; theſe are of no Eſteem and Price with Men; theſe have no Rule and Sway in the Hearts of Men: *Herodias* hath Preheminence in the Heart of *Herod* above the Baptiſt; a *Swine* is of more Eſteem than Chriſt with the Gaderine. Man's Exaltation of his corrupt Affections is a foul and ſhameful Abaſement of Chriſt and his Ordinances.

Some deny not their *worldly Profits*; *Jeſſe* ſet *David* behind the Ewes, many ſet Chriſt behind the Ox and the Aſs; the *Farm* and the *Wife*, their Merchandiſe and worldly Traffick, they prize the World above Chriſt, they love this more than they love Chriſt, the Love of the World carries their *Heart* far from Chriſt, when their Bodies draw near to Chriſt; the overvaluing of the Earth is an undervaluing of Chriſt; when the World is over ſweet and ſavoury to Mens Palates, their Souls *diſreliſh* Chriſt and his Ordinances; when the Earth is pleaſant like a Paradiſe, Chriſt and all the Means of Grace are apprehended as a very Wilderneſs.

Some deny not their *own Pleaſures*, but value them above Chriſt, as *Eſau* did a few Pottage above his *Birthright*; ſome deny not their Pride, but as *Abſalom* ſought to reign, though it were to the Diſhonour and Depoſal of his Father *David* from his Throne: So they ſeek to magnify themſelves, though to the Diſhonour of God, and Depoſal of Chriſt from his Throne in their Hearts; ſome deny not their own *Worth* and Goodneſs, they are rich and full in their own Opinions, as the Man in the Prophet, which dreamed, he *had eaten and was full*; ſome deny not their own *Superſtitions*, they receive for Doctrines the Commandments of Men, they will ſee Chriſt in a Glaſs of their own framing, learn Chriſt in a School of their own erecting, and draw the Waters of Salvation out of a Ciſtern of their own digging; doubtleſs they are very few that have learned the great Leſſon of living to Chriſt, queſtionleſs, Chriſt hath ſpiritual and heavenly Dominion in the

Souls of few Men. Very full of baſe Reſpects and Purpoſes are the Hearts of many that profeſs Jeſus Chriſt. The Prophet ſpeaks of a Day, *wherein ſeven Women ſhould take hold of one Man, ſaying, we will eat our own Bread, and wear our own Apparel, only let us be called by thy Name, to take away our Reproach.* There is a Day now, wherein ſeven, a very great Number, take hold of one Man Chriſt, by an outward Profeſſion; but they will eat their own Bread, and wear their own Apparel, they will find their own Pleaſures, walk in their own Ways, keep themſelves apparelled with the old Man, they will not deny themſelves, they will not put away their old Things, and make all Things new, they will only be called by the Name of Chriſt, to take away their Reproach of being reputed Atheiſts and Infidels among Men. Many Men that profeſs themſelves Chriſtians do ſhamefully deny the Lord Jeſus, and are far from the Denial of themſelves, their own Counſels and Affections.

Isaich
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F I N I S.